JOSEPH GARIBALDI

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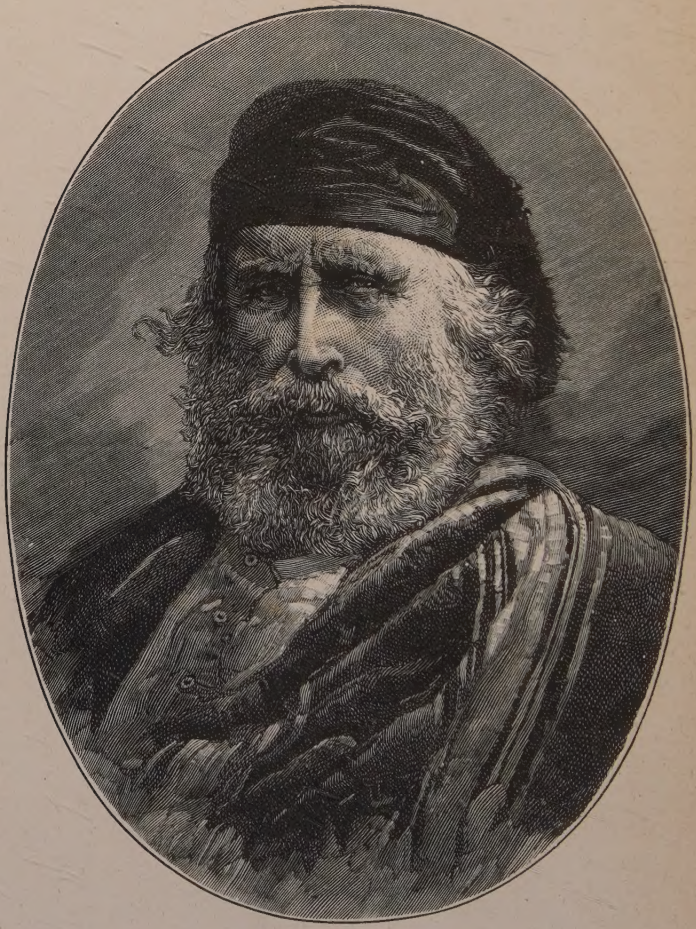

GARIBALDI.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI:

Patriot and Soldier.

BY

R. CORLETT COWELL.

London:
CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE ST., CITY RD., E.C.;
AND PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1897.

HAYMAN, CHRISTY & LILLY, LTD.,
PRINTERS,
HATTON WORKS, 113—115, FARRINGDON ROAD,
AND 20—27, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

I AM indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Walter Smith and Innes for giving consent to reproduce letters from the *Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi*. I thank Mr. A. C. Swinburne for kindly allowing me to quote from any of his "Poems on Italy and the Heroes of the Italian Revolution." I also thank Mr. William Watson and his publisher, Mr. John Lane, for permission to make use of one of Mr. Watson's sonnets.

R. C. C.

April, 1897.

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JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

CHAPTER I.

HOME, BOYHOOD, AND EARLY MANHOOD.

Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight;
Some are born to endless night.
Joy and woe are woven fine
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right that it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And, when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go.

WILLIAM BLAKE,
Auguries of Innocence.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807. His father and grandfather were merchant captains. From these hardy seamen he inherited that peculiar wealth with which the ocean often enriches her sons—namely, devotion to duty, unyielding strength, fervid and dauntless daring. Blended with these robust qualities, were gentleness, simplicity, profound sympathy with suffering, and eager gladness

to sacrifice personal interests for the welfare of others—these he received from his truly pious mother, from whose breasts he sucked "the natural milk of freedom."

The mother of Garibaldi was the praying wife of a brave and honest sailor. In following in anxious thought and sympathy her husband in his perilous calling, she had learnt how to pray. When the storm swept over the Mediterranean, and hissed and howled through the rigging, and the little craft was half-buried in foam, whiter and colder and far more fierce than winter's snow, and many a wreck drifted helplessly against the rocky Italian coast, she might have been seen in her closet pleading with a woman's tenacity and trustfulness for the protection of the vessel whose helm her husband gripped and guided. And by her prayerfulness was formed that beautiful character which so deeply impressed and so powerfully influenced her brave son.

Joseph Garibaldi loved his mother passionately. She was his good genius; he well nigh worshipped her as the ideal of perfect womanhood. Writing after her death he said: "One of the bitters of my life, and not the least, has been that I could not make her happy. God alone knows the anguish which my adventurous career has given her; for He alone can know the immensity of the love she bore me." "To her pity for the unhappy," he declared, "I owe that profound charity for my country which has procured for me the affection of my unfortunate

brethren. I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm that in the most terrible incidents of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my ship, tossing us about like a cork, and when bullets where whistling about like hail, I constantly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High for me. And that which gave me the courage at which people have been astonished was the confidence I felt that no harm could befall me while so holy a woman, such an angel, was praying for me."

Oh! the power of a mother over her boys! Most men of massive character have owed much to their mothers. What England needs, what the world needs to-day, is good mothers. Not married women who have children simply; but mothers who are really mothers. Not your poor creatures whose ambition is to be cribbed, cabined, and confined within the fewest possible number of inches of steel; not your fashion-worshippers; not your aspirants after political honours; not your new women; not your blue stockings; but women with the mother's heart, that is big with love and wise with womanly tact; women, whose presence in the home is an indefinable attraction to goodness, who, like the mother of Joseph Garibaldi, radiate brightness, and call out the blossoms of nobleness and truth, as the sweet, soft, warm light of her own Italy decks the landscape with rare loveliness.

Mothers, look well to your households; you are the makers of heroes and saints, and wise and

brave men. While you have your boys, and while they are plastic—and that will not be for long—mould them after the best models you can find; mould them with that firm hand of yours which has a palm of velvet gentleness, covering muscles of steel-like principle—that hand which is but the instrument of a heart purified by prayer, and made wise and strong by the sanctified experiences of life.

It was in a pleasant little cottage, built on the very margin of the bay of Nice, that Garibaldi first saw the light. As soon as consciousness dawned he would look out from the windows on that tideless sea, and watch with growing wonder the ships that come and go—watch the white sails melt away into the blue ether, and the little dark specks on the far horizon spread out into the broad-winged ships; and he would begin to weave his childish thoughts into romantic dreams.

His earliest memories were connected with his father's voyages—the eager looking out, day after day, for the expected ship; the wild delight when she was seen in the offing, and when she entered the harbour; his father's rough but warm and tender embraces; the wonderment over the sailor's big chest when it was brought home; the event of opening it, and the glee that followed as the curious knick-knacks from foreign climes were drawn out of their hiding-places, and examined and admired prior to being put in some conspicuous place to set off the dear old home. Then after a few happy days spent with his family, the

NICE.

father would again bid them farewell, and set sail on another voyage. These would be the boy's earliest remembrances.

As Joseph grew, he was often found on the sea-beach—plunging into the water, holidaying in the boats, plying the oar, and trimming the canvas to catch the wind, until the sea came to have that strange fascination for him which it has for many boys brought up on its margin. He became a splendid swimmer. Gymnastics he learned by climbing among the shrouds, and slipping along the ropes till he was as agile as a squirrel in a forest of oaks.

He was often thoughtful and silent, and was fond of a good book. He was looked up to by the boys, and chosen as umpire in their disputes ; and the little ones regarded him as their protector. His self-reliance and bravery and tenderness manifested themselves very early. On one occasion he picked up a grasshopper, and brought it into the house. The leg of the poor insect got broken in his hands. This distressed him so deeply that he shut himself in his room and wept for hours. When only eight years of age he saw a woman fall into a deep moat; he immediately leaped into the water and saved her life. His parents spared no pains or expense to give him an education, even when, owing to business reverses, the upbringing of their children became a heavy tax on his father's honest earnings. He was not a quick scholar, and sometimes played the truant when he could get the loan of a gun, and on one occasion ran away from school. He gained

possession of a fishing boat, and with three companions set out for Genoa, one hundred miles distant. The urchins were pursued ; for a priest, who had seen them making their preparations, hastened to tell the parents. A man on horseback was sent off at a gallop along the coast, and the boys were captured at Monaco—much to their confusion—and were brought home in disgrace. It was a long time before he forgave the priest who betrayed them ; indeed, he ever after, at least mildly, hated priests.

And we cannot but think that coming events were casting shadows before ; for this is not the last vessel he carried off when he was in need of one.

Among his companions and the fisher-folk and peasantry he was a great favourite. He had a sweet voice, and delightfully sang the old home-songs that were steeped in the wine-press of liberty, giving real pleasure to many a rugged sailor and husbandman as well as to his "chums." He loved to play at draughts, and few could beat him at this game ; and was, as described by a playmate of his childhood, "good, beautiful, and simple as was his mother, and honest and frugal as his father."

His parents, under the influence of "tonsured pedagogues," wanted him to be a lawyer, a doctor, or a priest—especially a priest ; but, fortunately, the boy resisted.

What a calamity for mankind had Garibaldi chosen to be a priest ! The light that was inborn in him, the fire of noble impulse, extinguished

beneath a monk's hood in the ascetic's cold cell! The voice that God meant to stir the pulses of Italy with tidings of love and brotherhood and unity heard denouncing liberty as a foul crime! The ear which was created to catch the softest breathings of tyranny bent at the orifice of a confessional box to hear the sins of a *mis*guided people! The arm made strong by the Almighty to wield the sword of the liberator, and to hurl down the oppressor, employed in binding on the limbs and eyes of his brethren the fetters and bandages of Papal Rome! What a calamity would this have been! Ah! well for the world that the boy's love for the sea proved stronger than his parents' love for the office of priest. Ah! well that the freedom of the sea, the charm of its alternate leisure and labour, captivated young Garibaldi.

So he chose to be a sailor, much to his mother's grief; for she had hoped to see her bright-eyed, quick-witted lad in some more important place than the forecastle of a dingy brig, among the brine-encrusted, uncouth sons of the deep.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." The Providence that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," was in this choice. For by the discipline of the sea, by the occasion it afforded for brave and generous deeds, by the varied knowledge of men and things which it brought to him, and by the love of liberty which it fostered—by all these he was gaining preparation for the grand vocation to which God had called him.

He made several voyages to Odessa, Rome,

Gibraltar, the Canaries, and Constantinople. Referring in after years to his first visit to Rome he tells us that "The Rome I beheld with my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future; the Rome that I, though shipwrecked, dying, banished to the furthest depths of the American forest, have never despaired of—the regenerating idea of a great nation, the dominant thought and inspiration of my whole life. It was then that she grew dearer to me than anything else on earth. I worshipped with all the fervour of a lover, not only the haughty bulwarks of her secular greatness, but the merest fragment of her ruins. This love I hid away as a sacred treasure in the depth of my heart. It was a passion which, so far from diminishing, strengthened with distance and exile. For me Rome was Italy—the symbol of one united Italy." We shall have ample illustration of this affection as we proceed with the story of this soldier of fortune. He soon became that which his youthful imagination had looked forward to as the summit of earthly ambition—namely, a certified ship captain; but not before he had by private study gained a considerable knowledge of mathematics and commercial law. Already an ardent lover of his country, he met, on a voyage to Taganrog, a young Genoese, who revealed to him the efforts that were being made by small circles of determined patriots to rouse the spirit of liberty in Italy. "Columbus," he says, "can hardly have experienced so much satisfaction at the discovery of a new world as I did on finding a man who

was actually concerned in the redemption of our country."

Italia! by the passion of the pain
That bent and rent thy chain;
Italia! by the breaking of the bands,
The shaking of the lands,
Beloved, O men's mother, O men's queen,
Arise, appear, be seen!

SWINBURNE, *Song of Italy*

CHAPTER II.

HIS COUNTRY'S WRONGS; AND "THE FATHER OF ITALY."

Because the years were heavy on thy head;
Because dead things are dead;
Because thy chosen on hill-side, city and plain
Are shed as drops of rain;
Because on Promethean rocks distent
The fouler eagles rent:
Because a serpent stains with slime and foam
This is not thy Rome;
Child of my womb, whose limbs were made in me,
Have I forgotten thee?

SWINBURNE, *A Song of Italy*

NOW other vistas began to open out to him. "There arose in my mind," he says, "strange glimmerings by the light of which I was compelled to ask myself if this irresistible vocation, which I had believed to be the captain of a long voyage, had not for me horizons still unperceived. Here I fancied that I saw glimpses through the vague mists of the future."

He began to wake up to the sad condition of his country, and to long that he might be able to perform some exploit in her behalf which should tend to her liberation from an augmenting thraldom.

The Revolution of 1830 had just swept over France, and the waves of popular frenzy had not yet subsided. There were other monarchs—more than one in Italy—who courted downfall by the iniquity of their rule. Men were comparing notes; among them this young sailor of twenty-four years. "They were questioning the title of kings; wondering whether kings were indispensable; counting up their wrongs; studying how to be avenged; growing anxious about the future of their country, and inquiring why nations should be incapable of self-government."

These ominous rumblings of the distant thunder of rebellion flashed out into open revolt in 1831, in Piedmont, Lombardy, Florence, Bologna, and other places. But the people were not ready, and priestcraft and kingcraft were.

> And Austria, wearing a smooth olive leaf
> On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
> The life from these Italian souls—

appeared promptly on the scene to champion these petty-scoundrel-tyrants who called themselves kings. She planted her cannon in their market-places to cow the populace, and to mow down the Italian patriots like grass. She closed the universities of Turin, Genoa, Padua, and Pavia, for she knew the youth of the land were being fired with love of liberty.

Pope Gregory XVI. called out the Pontifical Volunteers as a new scourge for the better protection of his holy domain.

"These bravoes were under a vow to exterminate the Liberals by the dagger and by fire, and not even to spare the women and children." Red-handed rascals, the scum of the whole land, whose ordinary life had ever been robbing and murder, they were consecrated by the Vicar of Jesus Christ to this terrible business as a regular occupation ; and "they took their commissions with alacrity, and fulfilled them with fiendish zeal."

In the Kingdom of Naples things were no better. The people were demoralised by oppression ; the rulers were recklessly unjust and cruel ; the priests, who were mostly Jesuits, were infamously crafty, and, in their wicked audacity, they donned the robes of the blessed Saviour, and assumed the sanction of His spotless name for their foul crimes.

Garibaldi's opinion of Italian priests may be gathered from many passages in his autobiography. He regarded them as "the prop of every vice," as "possessed by a lying spirit." "As for this last-named brood," he says, referring to them, "this pestilent scum of humanity, this caryatid of thrones, still reeking with the stench of human burnt-offerings, where tyranny still reigns ; it takes its place among slaves, and is reckoned among their famished herd." These are strong words, but the man who uttered them knew what he was saying. He knew how cowardly governments were held in the most degrading humiliation by the iron hand of this "veritable scourge of God" ; how the masses of

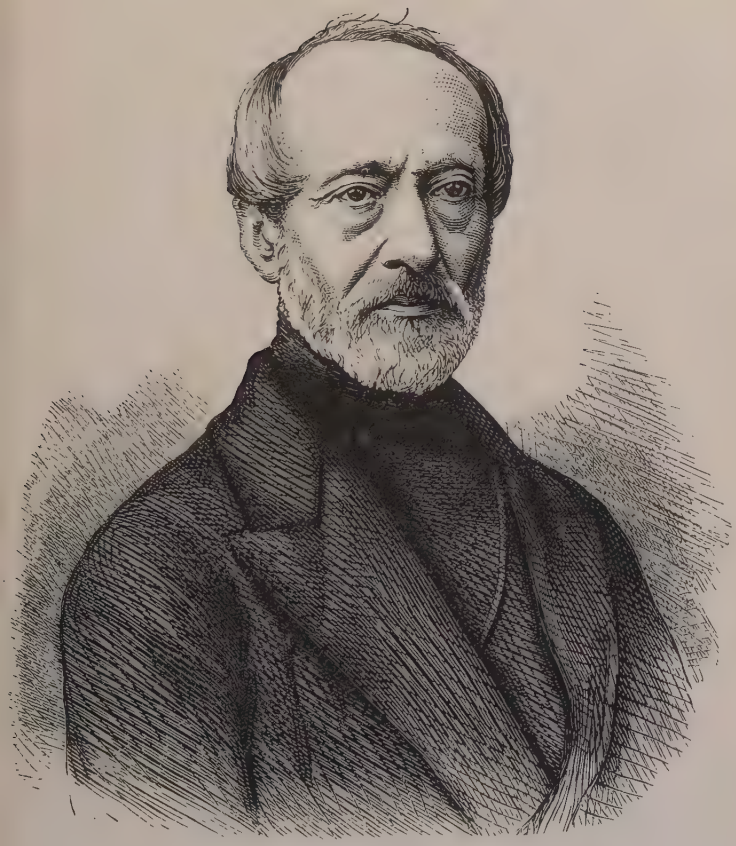
the people were crushed into imbecility by the superstitious terrors which the priesthood invoked ; how religion was a travesty and a mockery as represented by these "vipers."

Poor Italia,

> With a wound in her breast
> And a flower in her hand
> And a gravestone under her head,
> While every nation at will
> Beside her dared to stand
> And flout her with pity and scorn,
> Saying : "She is at rest,
> She is fair, she is dead."

Poor Italia! her thrones occupied by insane princes who trampled on the dearest rights of their subjects ; her altars tended by wicked priests, who were the tools of the tyrant ; her patriots marched to the gallows or the stake, or eating out their hearts in exile, or languishing in foul prisons ; her northern provinces, her bright intellect, crushed beneath the iron heel of Austria ; her romantic central provinces, with Rome her throbbing heart, pierced by a villain Pope ; her sunny south, her swift feet fettered by a licentious despot! Such was poor Italy. Yet there was a gleam of hope.

> Italy, what of the night!
> Ah, child, child, it is long!
> Moonbeam and starbeam and song
> Leave it dumb now and dark ;
> Yet I perceive now on the height,
> Eastward, not now very far,
> A song too loud for the lark,
> A light too strong for a star.



MAZZINI.

In the darkness of the bitter night is heard the voice of Joseph Mazzini crying in the wilderness, "The Kingdom of heaven is at hand. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His path straight." A man of sorrowful dark eyes, of noble head and carriage, of broad, high, wondrous brow overhung with masses of soft black hair, of great sweetness of manner, of extraordinary mastery of speech, comes forth from the Lord to scatter the seeds of liberty broadcast over the whole peninsula—seeds which shall have a slow but sure growth ; seeds which moistened by the blood of many a battle-field shall survive numerous blights, and bear, at last, as their proud fruit a united Italy. Such is Joseph Mazzini—thinker, prophet, saint.

He sought, by the dissemination of the literature of freedom, to rouse and to foster the spirit of resistance to tyranny, to agitate a whole people, and make them ready for the opportune hour for rising and striking for liberty. And he was so far successful that a great sigh for freedom rose out of the very heart of the nation. Despots heard it, and were alarmed. Even Charles Albert of Savoy, the best of them, was terror-struck. Not a few patriots were thrown into prison, or put to death, only for daring to read the revolutionary pamphlets. Mazzini himself was obliged to fly for his life. He went to Marseilles, and from this retreat he circulated his famous journal, entitled *Young Italy*, which did so much for the national cause.

As Mazzini is very much maligned nowaday by a certain class of politicians, it may be a fitting

thing here to say a word about his character, and to offer our tribute.

"As a child he wept at the sight of human misery, and embraced the very beggars who came to his mother's door." When he was at the University his love of liberty grew into a passion, and he was even then, on account of his political views, a marked man, whom the Austrians thought well to place under a ban.

After his exile you might have found him, not lion-hunting but in obscure lodgings, buried in his books or praying at the bedside of some companion in tribulation or sharing his meal with some friend more needy than himself. He knew what it was to be compelled to pawn his boots for dry bread while he was guiding the cause of Italian freedom; and if he had two coats he was sure to give one away. While the world at large thought he was doing nothing but "conspiring," and entrapping others into Austrian dens, this man was denying himself the common solaces of human life and doing the work of an almoner and a teacher of truth and goodness among his poor countrymen. While statesmen fancied he was arranging for the purchase of daggers and rifles and bombs, he was really bargaining for an ox-cheek or two to make soup for the hungry, or lecturing on Dante to an enraptured audience of organ-grinders, or teaching some grubby, brown urchin the Lord's prayer.

His character is a very fine one. He was free from vanity as a child; he shrank from the

applauding homage of the mob, and wished to be left alone. He had the utmost reverence for woman, and spoke of her love as the greatest gift of heaven. Yet he never married. His bride was his own beloved Italy—there was no room for any other in his heart. He was a man of stainless purity of life, of undying fidelity to the principles he had espoused, of high enthusiasm, and of profound thinking power. His influence over all with whom he came in contact was extraordinary. Men became better by his nobility, and his confidence in them. Such was the father of Italian freedom. He, the agitator, the revolutionist, towers in genius and in character immeasurably above the gilded, place-hunting statesmen of the Italy of his day who worshipped power and sold their souls to buy it ; and above cringing, sycophant statesmen, who, having no policy of their own, are quick to echo the mandates of cruel tyrants, to fawn to king's favourites for a smile, and to redden their hands with the blood of their brethren for a coronet. He, the branded agitator, is the snow-capped Alp, that communes with the skies, and gathers its living waters into broad streams, to cleanse the cities and towns and hamlets which tyranny has made grossly vile, and to refresh the thirsty and weary people. They, the much-lauded conservers of kingly rights, are the "Dead Sea," which swallows up rivers of wealth and makes no return to the nation save the hot stifling atmosphere of oppression and the poisonous miasma of corruption, which ever brood over its bituminous

depths to enfeeble and demoralise the life of the people.

In the language of the poetess of the Italian struggle for freedom, we honour Mazzini as a patriot

> Who lives as Christ lived—poor, despised alone,
> Apart with God and working miracles,
> Not on the waves and winds, but on the wills
> Of men—upon the hearts of multitudes—
> The hidden germs of fresh humanities,
> Of live confederations yet unborn,
> The hidden founts of gathering river-flood
> To bear one day the music of his name
> Through lands of harvest to the boundless sea.

It was at Marseilles that Garibaldi first met Mazzini. One would like to picture the fateful meeting of these two great men, so wholly unlike in training and character, and yet so absolutely one in hopes and aims, in singleness of purpose, in utter self-sacrifice, and overmastering devotion—qualities that made them leaders of men, "born dictators for the discomfiture of despots." One is frail in body, a slender willow of a man, but his eyes flash with the fire of genius and concentrated, passionate love of right and liberty and men. The other is a forest oak, muscular, well-knit, bronzed by ocean's winds, broad-chested, with a calm, strong face, surmounted by a towering brow in which thought has already written in seam and wrinkle its autograph, and under which are keen eyes which kindle and gleam like diamonds set in gold. These men met, clasped hands, exchanged

their pledge, and pronounced their vow. Garibaldi was captivated by the enchanting dreams of a glorious future for his country which Mazzini unfolded, by his fervid love for the Italian people, and by his boundless faith in his down-trodden brethren. They parted with the words, "Now and for ever," as their watchwords till death. From that hour Garibaldi's life was devoted to the liberation of his country. These two heroes by convergent roads marched, with a host of martyrs in their train, through blood and torture, through failure and defeat, onward to victory and to glory.

A wonderful letter, written at this time to Charles Albert King of Sardinia by Mazzini, shows us the character of the latter. It is a noble and pathetic production, the outpouring of a brave and patriotic soul to the king in whom he hoped he saw a deliverer. We quote it in part literally, and in part substantially: "I dare to speak the truth to you, because I deem you alone are worthy to listen to it, and because none around you venture to utter the whole truth in your ears. We sought in your face the lineaments of a tyrant; we found them not. We now wait to see whether the *king* will redeem the pledges of the *prince*.

"Sire, have you never cast a glance on this Italy, beautified with nature's smile, crowned with twenty centuries of sublime memories, the home of genius, endowed with infinite means, requiring only unity, surrounded by such natural defences as a strong will and a few brave breasts would ensure to protect her from the foreigner's insult? Have you

never said to yourself: This Italy is created for great destinies? Have you never contemplated this people who inhabit it, splendid despite the shadow of servitude which hangs over their heads; great by the instinct of life, by the light of intellect, by the energy of passions—passions blind and ferocious, it may be, since the times are against the development of nobler ones—but are, nevertheless, the elements from which nations are created; great indeed since misfortune has not crushed them, nor deprived them of their hope? Has the thought never dawned on you to evolve, as God from chaos, a new world from these dispersed elements; to re-unite the dissevered members, and exclaim, Italy is happy, and all my own. Like God, I can become the creator of twenty millions of men, whose cry shall be, God in heaven, and Charles Albert on earth!

"Sire, you did once nourish that idea; the blood did boil in your veins when it dawned on you, radiant with hope and glory. Many and many a night that sole idea peopled your dreams; you became a conspirator to realise it. Do not blush for this, Sire. There is no holier career on earth than that of a conspirator who dedicates himself to humanity, to become the interpreter of the eternal laws of nature. Sire, we are determined to become a free and united nation—with you, if you will; without you, if you will not; against you, if you oppose our efforts."

Charles Albert read the letter, and directed that the foot of Mazzini should never again be allowed

to desecrate his kingdom. Truth had little charm for an ear that was open to Jesuit intriguers and flatterers, but for "the Father of Italy" truth is the one road to liberty. And, though "of no man led, of many men reviled," he will never rest from toil, never shrink from pain, till truth shall triumph. Well might Swinburne sing—

Blessed of all men living, that he found
Her weak limbs bared and bound,
And in his arms and in his bosom bore:
And as a garment wore
Her weight of want, and as a royal dress
Put on her weariness.
As in faith's hoariest histories men read
The strong man bore at need
Through roaring rapids when all heaven was wild
The likeness of a child
That waxed greater and heavier as he trod,
And altered and was God.

SWINBURNE, *Song of Italy*.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING OF THE STRUGGLE.

Because they spared not do thou rather spare ;
Be not one thing they were.
Let not one tongue of theirs who hate thee say
That thou wast even as they.
Because their hands were bloody, be thine white :
Show light where they shed night.
Because they are foul, be thou the rather pure ;
Because they are feeble endure ;
Because they had no pity, have thou pity.

SWINBURNE, *A Song of Italy.*

IN 1834 Mazzini was busy with preparations for an invasion of Italy by sea, which, upon Mazzini's expulsion from Marseilles, was attempted at Genoa and directed against the Savoy frontier. This expedition turned out a complete failure through the treachery of the Polish General, Ramorino, who had been entrusted with the leadership.

Garibaldi took part in this abortive enterprise. He had entered the Royal Navy and embarked on board a royal frigate in 1833, with the intention of winning over the crew to the side of the insurrectionists ; and being off Genoa and hearing of a plot to seize the place clandestinely, he landed

from the Admiral's ship, to which he had been transferred as pilot only the day before, February 3rd, 1834, to take part in the attack. But the scheme miscarried. He found himself alone at the place of rendezvous, surrounded by soldiers. But his presence of mind did not forsake him. Walking leisurely away he escaped notice, and having obtained the dress of a rustic from a good woman, a fruitseller, who favoured the cause of liberty, he made his way to the mountains, hoping to reach Nice undetected. Avoiding public ways, crossing field and forest, climbing walls and precipitous rocks, he arrived at Nice after ten days' hard walking—footsore and so tattered that his aunt turned him away from the door for a beggar, and his own dear old mother scarcely recognised him. Here he rested a day with his mother, and then accompanied by two friends resumed his pilgrimage, making for Marseilles. This part of his journey was full of adventure. On reaching a swollen river he took to the water and swam across. His two friends were unable to do so ; so waving a farewell he went on alone. Soon after he was made prisoner by a French Corps de Garde, and lodged in an upper room fifteen feet from the ground ; but fifteen feet were nothing to him. He sprang out, made for the mountains, and was soon safe in their wild seclusion. On he travelled—his chart the star-lit sky, which he had learned to read when a sailor-boy. Arriving at a village he went into an inn, where two persons were about to have supper. The supper was good, the wine cheering, the fire welcome, and

he was revived. The host began to rally him on his appetite and cheerfulness. Candid and fearless, he answered that as for his appetite it was not extraordinary, as he had eaten nothing for eighteen hours ; and as for his cheerfulness, he thought he might well be merry after having escaped death in his own country and imprisonment in France. So much of the story being told, the rest followed. But when the recital was ended the brow of "mine host" grew dark. Garibaldi asked, "Well, my friend, what is the matter with you now?" "Oh," said he, "I conceive it to be my duty to arrest you." Garibaldi, who had no fear of the innkeeper, pretended to believe it a joke, and loudly laughed. "Very well then, arrest me; but hold! let me finish my supper first, if I have to pay double for it."

The house was the meeting-place of the young men of the village, who came to learn the news and to talk politics over a cup of wine. Gradually they dropped in until about a dozen were assembled. The host, who feared perhaps that his visitor might escape without paying his reckoning, said nothing but kept his eye on Garibaldi. Garibaldi, who knew well how to manage "mine host," carelessly chinked his crowns, till the sound sank musically into the soul of the innkeeper, who did not see too many crowns in his out-of-the-way village.

One of the party had just concluded a song amid the cheers of all, when Garibaldi rose, and said, "It is my turn." Forthwith in his own good tenor, he carolled forth Beranger's "Le Dieu des

bonnes gens." Beranger is the beloved song-writer of France; his choruses are paternal, and after repeating some of the couplets, the company fell to embracing each other, with *vivas* for Beranger, Italy, and France. There was no further question about the arrest. The next morning the young fellows insisted on escorting their new acquaintance some six miles on his way. The incident is of value, as it shows us Garibaldi's knowledge of men and his power to use them thus early in his career.

When he reached Marseilles, he read in the newspaper, *Le Peuple Souverain*, that he was outlawed, and condemned to be shot in the back. The language of the document issued with a view to his capture by "the divisionary council of war," is that of savagery. Invoking the divine aid, the council declares him to be "exposed to public vengeance as an enemy of the country and the State, subject to all the pains and penalties imposed by the royal laws against bandits of the first catalogue, in which the condemned is placed." The severity of the sentence is due to the fact that the culprit was well known as a popular seaman of Nice, already renowned for his prowess in assailing the pirates who scoured the Mediterranean, one who would make a successful leader of the disaffected thousands of the Italian seaports. And it was necessary that the Government in striking at an exceptionally able and brave conspirator should strike severely, so as to fill his friends with salutary awe. A reward was offered

for his arrest. This was the first time he had "the pleasure of seeing his name in print," he observes. But he did not compromise his accomplices, and his conscience was clear. He changed his name to Giuseppe Pane, and once more betook himself to the sea, and for many a day was lost to sight, though to memory dear in his home and his native land.

It may be interesting to know what kind of person he was physically at this period of his life. Here, then, is his portrait taken from the Register of the Royal Navy—"Garibaldi, Giuseppe Maria, *nom de guerre* Cleombroto, and inscribed on the rolls of the department of Nice as captain, February 27th, 1832; detached from Genoa as sailor of the third-class levy, December 26th, 1833. Height, five feet six and a half inches; hair and eyebrows reddish, chestnut-coloured eyes, spacious forehead, aquiline nose, medium mouth, rounded chin, healthy colour, no special marks. Embarked on the *Desgeneys*, February 3rd, 1834; deserted from the above royal frigate, February 4th, 1834."

In the interval between two of his voyages this man of deep, brotherly heart, and of utter fearlessness, volunteered for service in the common hospital at Marseilles when the town was smitten with a deadly plague of cholera.. The chivalry of the deed may be estimated by the following facts: that the people who were compelled to remain in the town shut themselves up in the garrets of their houses, drawing up food and water by ropes; that half the doctors fled from the place; and that fifty

or sixty persons were carried off every day by the fell disease. Does it not enhance our estimate of the brusque sailor-patriot to see him tenderly as a woman nursing the sick, comforting them in pain, closing their eyes in death, and reverently performing the last sacred offices? Ah, the wrongs of his own Italy cause his heart to bleed, and fill him with sympathy for the suffering everywhere!

Charles Albert, from whom the patriots expected so much, proved to be a vacillating tool in the hands of the Austrian party. "He willed and unwilled," and let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." Moreover, he gave vent to the ferocity latent in the princes of the house of Savoy. He sought to decoy and entrap the popular leaders. Hundreds of persons were sacrificed on the scaffold. Half measures would not do; he determined to exterminate the conspirators. Blood flowed in torrents. To have read the pamphlets of the Young Italy party was a capital crime, to be expiated only by death. Charles Albert complained on one occasion, when a number of the rank and file of the soldiery had been shot, that the blood of mere soldiers was insufficient for an example, and an officer was at once shot. Torture of the most heartrending description, as well as needless humiliation, was added to murder. "Vochieri, who had treated his judges with cool disdain, was, on the way to execution, purposely led past the windows of his mother, sister, and younger sons; was shot, not by soldiers, but by galley slaves' guards." The king

congratulated his officers on the manner in which they fulfilled their duty, and conferred the Grand Cross and the Grand Cordon on the savage myrmidons who executed his inhuman commands.

Can we wonder that men like Garibaldi are almost overwhelmed with grief? For he is no longer a thoughtless youth. He has read the history of his country. He sees the effects of past injustice and tyranny in the character of his countrymen, in their suspiciousness, their moroseness, the weary cry of half-cynical despair, "Who will show us any good?" He sees the incompetency of many would-be leaders, their spasms of aimless enterprise, their petty jealousies, their want of power to comprehend the great schemes of clear-headed Mazzini. Oh, that some patriot might arise whose will was as firm, and whose arm was as strong as the thoughts of Mazzini were high! But Italy must be free—must be one nation, Would God accept him as the champion of her wrongs? He would shrink from nothing; he would go down among the people, would accept the odium of their degradation, and be charged with their crimes; he would call out their better manhood and their faith by reposing in them a brother's trust; he would encourage them to lift up their heads, to believe in themselves, to cast off their chains, to assert their right to liberty, and, if needs be, to fight in the open field for this most precious heritage of man; he would hurl back the sneer that Italians could not be trusted with self-government into the teeth of the tyrants who

uttered the calumny, and would, if heaven permitted, show to the world a popular administration as just, as humane, as competent as any State in Europe could boast of—an administration that should exist without fettering and gagging freedom, without stabbing in the dark patriot-heroes, and without marching the noblest sons of the land in chains to the dungeon and the stake; an administration that should stand by the will of the people whom it would uplift and ennoble. But the set time was not yet come, and the God-chosen champion must wait till the appointed hour should strike.

He set sail from Nantes in 1836 for Rio Janeiro. He remained twelve years in South America. This part of his career is the most romantic of all, and will some day "be wrought into an epic blending the charms of the Odyssey with those of the Iliad, a battle and a march being the theme of the eventful tale almost from beginning to end."

CHAPTER IV.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
To reach the far off past,
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast.
O. W. HOLMES.

IN 1837, only nine months after Garibaldi's arrival, the province of Rio Grand do Sul proclaimed itself a Republic, and armed in rebellion against Brazilian rule. Some Italians who had espoused the cause of the insurgents were taken prisoners at the first skirmish, and brought to Brazil loaded with chains. Garibaldi happened to be on the wharf when they were landed, and the sight of his countrymen in fetters for the sake of liberty was enough to kindle his desire to engage in the struggle. He took command of a privateer's boat, which he called the *Mazzini*. His crew consisted of twelve enthusiastic companions. "In his many encounters with the Imperial or Brazilian party, the hero bought experience both of wonderfully propitious and terribly adverse fortune; and had every imaginable

variety of romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He was severely wounded, taken prisoner; and in one instance, at Gualequay in the Argentine Republic, he found himself in the power of one Leonardo Millan, a type of Spanish South American cruelty."

Let me tell the story. The little *Mazzini* was overhauled and fired into by two barques. Garibaldi cried "To arms!" and sprang to his gun with the order, "Brace the foresails!" Finding the helm did not work, he looked round, and saw the steersman shot dead in the first volley. Garibaldi himself sprang to the helm; but at that instant a ball struck him, and he fell senseless. Without their leader his companions fought doggedly for an hour, when the enemy, having lost severely, sheered off. Garibaldi soon recovered his senses, and, though consumed with fever, speechless, and apparently dying, was obliged to direct the navigation of the vessel, as there was no one else on board who knew the coast. He was deeply touched by the kindness of one of his brave men during the nineteen days which passed before they reached Gualequay. Referring to it years after, he says: "When I lay in my long struggle upon the bed of pain, when I raved in the delirium of death, he was seated close to my pillow with the devotedness and the patience of an angel; never leaving me for an instant but to go and weep when he could not conceal his tears." Soon after landing, the ball was extracted, and the wounded man—who was treated with every mark of

generous respect—regained his strength. But this generosity lasted only a short time. He and his companions were thrown into prison by order of the Dictator of Monte Video. After some time, on account of his health, he was released on parole. He took the opportunity to escape; but after wandering about the forest for three days he was recaptured, and brought back pinioned and fastened to his saddle-girths. The next day he appeared before the Governor, who required him to name the persons who had connived at his escape. He denied that anyone assisted him. The Governor struck the pinioned prisoner in the face with a horsewhip, and renewed the demand—to meet with the same denial. The Governor then sent him back to prison. His hands were still bound behind him. A cord was passed round his wrists and over a beam, and drawn tight until he was suspended in torture some four or five feet from the ground. Presently the Governor entered, and again interrogated the agonised man. Garibaldi's blood was up, and he spat in his face. He was now left in his misery—his joints dislocated, his whole frame throbbing in a burning heat; while he begged for a drink of water, which the more tender-hearted guards supplied. After two hours he was cut down, conscious of nothing but pain. He was then mercilessly put into fetters, and made the companion of an imprisoned assassin. But no confession was extorted from him, and he did not even condescend to curse his enemies.

During his imprisonment his sufferings were

soothed by the ministrations of a pious nun, whom he calls "an angel of charity." In after years this fiendish man, Leonardo Millan, fell into Garibaldi's hands, and he treated him with beautiful clemency.

"Escaping from his tormentor by the intervention of a friend, he crossed from the territories of the Plate into those of Rio Grande, and faithful to the cause of that Republic he fought with better success, winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men against incredible odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving through all proofs of the rarest humanity, disobeying orders to sack and ravage vanquished cities, and exercising that mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which almost enabled him to dispense with the ties of stern military rule."

Nothing pained him so acutely as when he was obliged by the command of a superior officer to sack and burn vanquished cities. The horrors of drunkenness and the waste and destruction of property which he had to witness harrowed his very soul as no personal suffering could have done. On one occasion, after a town had been abandoned to pillage, he ejaculated: "May God look upon me and pity me! but I never in my whole life had a day which left in my soul so bitter a memory as that—a day of such remorse and disgust with my species. It was only by the free use of my sabre, and at the risk of my own life, that I succeeded at all in restraining the violence."

It would take too long to follow Garibaldi in detail through his South American career, or to relate a tithe of the noble deeds that raise it into a grand epic poem. We must content ourselves with a mere summary, and with telling an incident here and there. After losing a flotilla on the coast of Santa Caterina in a hurricane, he landed forlorn, having been bereft by the sea or the sword of his bravest and most cherished Italian friends. About this time he fell in love with his Anita, with whom he united his destinies for better, for worse, until death did them part. Without doubt Anita, his lawful wedded wife, was a splendid woman, as great and daring and long-enduring, as humane and unselfish, as her heroic mate.

Let me give one illustration of her heroism. She had been suddenly surrounded by the enemy's cavalry and made prisoner, but not before her horse had been killed under her. At the close of the battle she was told that her husband was slain. Accompanied by an escort she at once returned to the battle-field to search for his body. Failing to find it, she was removed to the enemy's camp. The story of her escape is thrilling. She travelled nearly sixty miles on foot, carrying with her the mantle of her husband, which she had picked up on the deserted battle-field. For four days she passed through dense jungle abounding with savage beasts ; she tasted no food but wild berries. On the fifth day she met a sympathiser, who placed a horse at her disposal. Following as best she could the route taken by the retreating army, she swam

rivers and waded torrents, and after eight days overtook her husband, who was bewailing her loss, believing her to have been killed. On other occasions she might have been seen on the deck of a vessel, exposing herself to the heat of the enemy's fire, while she did the work of a gunner, or cheered on her husband and his brave sailors. Nor was she wanting in the graces that beautify home life, though she seems to have been born for stormy times.

After giving birth to her first-born son Menotti, she, with high-hearted courage, went, with the infant and his father, through unheard-of hardships in the disastrous retreat of Las Antas. For three months they trod the wilderness and the forest, where the storms seemed to have their home, drenched by the winter rains, eating roots out of the jungles, without a fire to warm them, women and children dying from hunger, fatigue, and cold; Garibaldi carrying the babe slung from his neck in a handkerchief, as he passed deep rivers, to relieve his fainting wife—until they reached San Gabriel, where the army was disbanded.

Garibaldi—despairing of the issues of an ill-conducted war, in which he was but a subordinate officer, and longing, for the sake of his wife and child, for a life less marked by privation and danger—took leave of his Republican friends at Rio Grande and went to Monte Video.

After trying on the journey to find employment as a cattle-drover with poor success, he settled in Monte Video as a shipbroker and a teacher of

BUENOS AYRES.

mathematics in order to get food for his wife and child. "The bread of charity," he said, "has always seemed bitter to me." But he could not rest for long. War breaking out with Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, he was induced to accept the command of a little squadron. In this enterprise he lost everything but honour. Soon after he organised his "Italian Legion," of which he was justly proud. "I would not," he writes, "exchange my title of Italian legionary for all the gold in the world." Its colours were a black flag with a volcano in the midst, symbol of Italy in mourning with the sacred fire burning in her heart. The men were dressed in the now historical red shirt. The legion was composed of the sort of material that does not easily mould itself to the hand of the commander, that is prone to fall to pieces under the pressure of discipline. Here were political exiles, strong, self-willed, hot-blooded, impatient of control, educated men who had sacrificed everything to the ideal of a liberated Italy, which rose before them as some pure soul-enthralling goddess; and for comrades they had the good-for-nothing flotsam and jetsam of fortune, castaway sons of noble houses, shipwrecked sailors, deserters from European camps demoralised by drink and idleness, with poltroons who made a brave show in the barrack-room but shammed illness when the field had to be faced.

Garibaldi had much difficulty in shaping this unpromising material. He never was a great organiser; he had an innate dislike of hard and

fast rules; he was an individualist; he thought brave men ought to have free play for their courage and sympathy; that "barrack-life" stunted the soldier; and, holding these views, the task of reducing the legion to some moderate degree of order, of fusing it into a unity, and vitalising it with his own noble spirit, was the more arduous. Much sifting of chaff from the wheat had to be done. Scorning to brook immorality amongst his officers he was met with treachery, which he promptly and sternly repressed at the cost of blood. Cowardice he castigated and branded as infamous. At length, as the result of patient, firm, kindly treatment, there was evolved a band of peerless warriors. "Place your hand on your hearts," he said to them, "and if you feel them beat with that true Italian pulsation which inspired our fathers to do high deeds, swear a solemn oath with me to prove to the world that we are true sons of Italy." And they swore the oath, and followed their captain to many a baptism of blood, learning from his high example much-needed lessons of generosity to fallen foes, of disinterestedness in service, and of gentleness to their maimed comrades. Garibaldi was remarkable for his care for the wounded. He was ever ready to risk his own life to succour them, and to carry in his arms out of the field a stricken soldier.

After many successful enterprises he was offered the rank of General, but both he and his soldiers steadfastly refused to accept the decorations and rewards offered them by a grateful state, though he

was incredibly poor. When his son, Ricciotti, was born, the doctor found in the house nothing but a handful of hard beans, and it was only by the generosity of a few private friends that nourishment and fire and clothing were provided for mother and child.

The following letter, written to the Minister of War in reference to the proposed decorations and rewards, brings out the real worth of the man :

In my quality of Commander-in-Chief of the national navy, in the honourable position in which it pleased the Government of the Republic to place me, I have done nothing to merit the promotion to the rank of General. The sum awarded me as chief of the Italian Legion I have distributed between the mutilated and the families of the dead. Gifts and honours purchased with so much Italian blood would weigh down my soul to the earth. I had no second thoughts in exciting the enthusiasm of my fellow-countrymen in favour of a people whom fatality had placed in the power of a tyrant ; and now I should give the lie to myself were I to accept the distinction which the generosity of the Government wishes to confer on me. The Legion found me a colonel in the army ; as such it accepted me as its chief, as such I shall leave the service when once the pledge taken to the Republic is fulfilled. I hope to share to the last the fatigues, the glories, the disasters which may yet be reserved to the legion. I return infinite thanks to the Government, and decline the promotions offered to me on February 16th. The Italian Legion accepts with gratitude the sublime distinction conferred on it on March 1st. (Reference to position of honour held by Italian Legion during a grand review.) One thing only my officers, the legion, and I ask, and it is this : That as the economical administration, the formation, the hierarchy of the legion from its first origin was spontaneous and independent, it may be allowed to remain on the

same footing. Hence we pray your Excellency to be so kind as to cancel the decree for the promotion of any individuals of the Italian legion issued on February 16th. God be with your Excellency.

G. GARIBALDI.

"Here," as Signora Mario, from whose pages we have taken the above letter and not a few others quoted in this volume, remarks, "we have our hero all of a piece." Not for money, not for honours, will he "serve and save" the Republic of Monte Video; but for humanity's sake and for the chance it affords him of training men for another struggle on behalf of his beloved land in which he hopes soon to engage. But he will not don the emblem of servitude under the guise of glory. He must retain his liberty to retire at any moment he pleases from South America and seize the sword on behalf of Italy and her destiny.

A characteristic anecdote may fitly close our remarks on his South American career.

The Admiral of the French fleet came on shore at Monte Video to pay his compliments to Garibaldi as the chief of the Italian Legion. The poorest soldier in the Legion could not have had a humbler abode. It was a poor hovel; the door without fastenings stood open to all by day and by night, and, as our hero said, "particularly to the wind and rain." The Admiral's visit was after dark. He pushed open the door, and, stumbling against a chair, exclaimed: "Halloa, is it necessary to risk one's life to see General Garibaldi?"

"Ho, wife!" cried Garibaldi, on hearing the

sound, and not recognising the Admiral's voice, "don't you hear someone in the passage? Bring a light!"

"And what am I to light?" answered Anita; "don't you know there is not a candle in the house, and not a coin in our purse to buy one with?" "Very true, wife, very true!" was the philosophic answer. Turning towards the door he called to the visitor to come in. The Admiral entered, and, as it was too dark for mutual recognition, announced his name.

"Admiral," said Garibaldi, "when I arranged with the Republic at Monte Video for rations, I omitted candles. So, as Anita says, inasmuch as we are without a cent to bless ourselves with, the house is dark. But I presume you wish to speak with me rather than to see me."

On leaving, the Admiral went off to the Minister of War, General Pacheco y Obes, and told him of the incident. He at once despatched a messenger with 100 patagons (£20) to Garibaldi's residence. The hero accepted the gift, not for himself, for the next morning he gave it away to the widows and orphan children of his comrades who had fallen in war, keeping enough to buy a pound of candles with in case Admiral Laine should pay him another visit.

CHAPTER V.

BACK TO ITALY.

He is one who counts no public toil so hard
  As idly glittering pleasures ; one controlled
  By no mob's haste, nor swayed by gods of gold ;
Prizing, not courting, all just men's regard ;
With none but manhood's ancient Order starred,
  Nor crowned with less august and old
  Than human greatness ; large-brained, limpid-souled ;
Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts retard ;
Born, matured of the People ; living still
  The People's life ; and though their noblest flower,
In nought removed above them, save alone
  In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power,
The ampler vision, the serener will
And the fixed mind, to no light dallyings prone.

WILLIAM WATSON : *The Ideal Popular Leader.*

GARIBALDI does not lose his interest in his native land during his long absence from it. He pines for home with the ardour of the patriot, for a sight of her snow-clad mountains and enchanted lakes, for the blue Mediterranean, and harbours and towns with which his memory is crowded ; above all, for the people he loves so passionately, whose life is made sad by the cruelty of oppressors. We find in his letters sentences such as these : " I am not happy, tortured as I am by the thought of being unable to do anything for

our cause. I am weary of dragging on this life, so useless to our country. Be sure we are destined for higher things." Again: "I write and read, with Italy ever in my heart; and cry aloud with rage, 'Would she were a desert and her palaces in ruins, rather than see her trembling beneath the Vandal's rod!' Our fates are united, O brother mine! Guided by the same principle, consecrated to the same cause, we have renounced peace and ease, imposed silence on all our passions—can afford to treat with contempt the superficial judgment of the multitude, etc. We must persevere, and let the approval of our own conscience suffice us."

The Italian, he tell us, is not able, like the sons of the North, to root himself in a foreign land. Despite a fair climate and a fruitful soil, he but vegetates, he does not live. He is sad and thoughtful, tortured by the longing to see his own country, and fight for her deliverance.

He cherished the idea of placing his wife and children under the care of his mother in his native town of Nice; he wished to place them beyond the fret and turmoil of South American life in a quieter haven. The loss, in 1845, when he was distant from home, of his eldest daughter, Rosita, a child ardently loved by both parents, deeply affected him, filling him with profound sorrow. He refers to it in touching words. "Rosita was the most beautiful, the sweetest of little girls. She died between four and five years old. Her intelligence was most precocious. She faded away in her mother's arms as the light of the firstborn of

nature fades away in the infinite—gradually, gently, affectionately. She died without complaining, begging her mother not to grieve, telling her that they would meet again soon—meet to part no more. A world of gracious things was that child!"

"Perhaps," he adds, and the rough soldier, tender-hearted as a woman, becomes sublime in the eloquence of his sorrow, "I shall pass for a visionary; but so sincere, so bearing the impress of her spirit, seemed the last words of the child to her mother, as my Anita told them to me, that I answered my broken-hearted wife, 'Yes, yes; we shall see our Rosita again! The soul is immortal, and this life of littlenesses is but an episode of immortality—a divine spark, part of the infinite flame that animates the universe.'"

Meanwhile news from Europe came to turn the attention of Italian patriots to the momentous events which were rapidly changing the conditions of the peninsula. Years had passed. "Sicily had risen in open and successful revolt, a Republic had been proclaimed in France, constitutions were being wrested from the reluctant hands of most European despots, Austria was convulsed with insurrectionary movements, the Milanese drove Radetzky from their city after five days' fighting, and Charles Albert unfurled the national standard and crossed the Ticino. Above all a new Pope, Pius IX., was elected. He was called the 'Deliverer,' and was to inaugurate a happy era." The people shouted for joy, and every man embraced his brother. This was in 1847.

Garibaldi heard in his exile the glad tidings, which Mazzini lost no time in conveying to him. With all the ingenuousness of his nature he believed that the morning of liberty was dawning on his country. All who had a heart and soul in Italy were up and doing, and could Italy's greatest heart and soul remain beyond the seas? He wrote the Papal Nuncio at Monte Video, offering the Pope his sword and the services of his companions-in-arms in the struggle with Austria, now impending. "If these hands," he said, "used to fighting, would be acceptable to his Holiness, we most thankfully dedicate them to the service of him who deserves so well of the Church and of our fatherland. Joyful, indeed, shall we and our companions, in whose name we speak, be if we may be allowed to shed our blood in defence of Pio Nono's work of redemption."

He scraped together money and means with incredible difficulty, and embarked in the *Speranza* for Italy with his brave friends Anzani and Sacchi, and eighty-five men of the Italian Legion and two cannon. Anita and the children had been sent on before. He crossed the ocean, the voyage being speedy and prosperous. Profitable occupations employed their spare hours, mental tasks and gymnastics alternating. A patriotic hymn was sung at eventide by one of the company, the patriots standing uncovered on the deck, and joining in the chorus with full-voiced enthusiasm till ocean seemed to unite in the mighty anthem.

How his departure was regarded by his South

American friends may be gathered from a letter signed by Colonel Tajes, of the National Guard of Monte Video, and all his officers.

"It is impossible that we, who have been witnesses of all that you and your companions have done and borne in our service, of your generosity and prowess throughout this disastrous war, can remain indifferent spectators of your departure or to the void which your absence creates. Accept as a most imperfect homage these few words of gratitude for the immense services you have rendered to the liberty and independence of our country." And General Pacheco y Obes in a magnificent defence of Garibaldi's disinterestedness from the malice of his calumniators, declares that our hero "never received a farthing (un sou) from the country he defended, was an obedient soldier, a bold friend of order, and an ardent champion of liberty."

He passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and anchored at Santa Pola, where he learnt, from the Sardinian consul, that the Pope had disappointed the hopes of the nation and shown himself the feeble, vacillating tool of the ecclesiastical party. He also learnt with delight that Charles Albert of Savoy had granted a constitution containing many reforms, that the spirit of liberty was abroad, and that many young men of rank and education were beginning to breathe its invigorating air. Moreover the consul told him that he had seen vessels pass flying the tricolour flag of Italian unity.

"Make all sail!" was the cry of the men, now

almost wild with joy as they embraced each other and raved and wept and laughed. "In a flash," says Garibaldi, "the anchor was weighed and the brigantine under sail. The wind seemed to second our desires, our impatience."

He hauled down the flag of Monte Video, under which he had come so far towards home; and he made out of a bed-sheet, a red scarf, and some green facings of their uniforms, a tricolour flag, and hoisted it. He sailed into Nice. His vessel was boarded by the harbour people, he was recognised, and ere long it was noised through Nice that their own Garibaldi, their exiled townsman, of whose marvellous achievements in South America they had often heard, had arrived home. Half the town flocked to the harbour to welcome, after fourteen years' absence, him and his companions, who had crossed the ocean to offer their lives to their country.

Anita and his children were there, and his aged mother, whom he loved almost to idolatry. He was deeply affected and unable to contain himself for joy. He ardently wished to stay in Nice and cheer the last days of the parent to whom his adventurous life had brought so many anxieties, as well as provide for Anita and the boys who needed his care. "But," he asks, "how can one hope for a time of quiet, or enjoy the blessing of consoling the failing and painful old age of my mother in this country of priests and robbers?"

But serious work lay before him. He was not long idle. Sardinia was at war with Austria, and

Garibaldi proceeded to the front, and, at Roverbello, offered his services to Charles Albert, the king who had signed his death warrant twelve years before. The interview was not to the honour of the king, who treated him coldly, and referred him to Ricci, his Minister of War at Turin. The Minister in his turn advised him half-sarcastically to go to Venice and ply his trade as a corsair, by which perhaps he might be useful to the Venetians. Garibaldi, smarting under the sting of insult, disgusted with the timid king and the diplomatic minister, settled the difficulty for himself by going to Milan and offering his services to the Provisional Government there, which gladly accepted them. He was sent to Bergamo "with a handful of badly-clothed, half-armed men"; in a few days 3,000 volunteers rallied round his standard. At length he was to fight for Italy. Picture his motley host! his "tribe of savages"; bronzed veterans from Monte Video, with their scarlet blouses and hats of every imaginable shape. Young nobles stimulated by ambition; scholars and students from the universities, where liberty had struck a deep root; raw lads attracted by the gaudy uniform and the ring of the war clarion; lawless spirits who seek for licence in the confusion of war, but who are restrained by the inflexible severity of their leader towards crime; with here and there a priest who loves his country more than he fears the ban of the Papacy, and among them some who afterwards became Methodist preachers, and heralded the glad tidings of salvation to their

brethren. With these Garibaldi marched to war. But disappointment is in store for him; for after his troops have had a few skirmishes with the enemy, the news reached him at Monza of the capitulation of Milan, and of the armistice between Sardinia and Austria; and he is commanded to evacuate Lombardy. Unwilling that Italy should fall back into slavery he refuses to acknowledge the armistice, and in true Garibaldian style proclaims the Sardinian king a traitor, declares that the Royal war is at an end, and that the People's war is now to begin. For a short time he succeeds in animating his followers with his own spirit and the spirit of his standard bearer, who is no other than Joseph Mazzini. "*Dio e Popolo*"—For God and the people—is the motto on his standard.

Mazzini shared as a common soldier in all the hardships of this struggle, shouldering his rifle or carrying the colours. Through long fatiguing marches, drenched to the skin by incessant rains, his constancy and serenity never forsook him. This willow of a man, frail by nature and by the student habits of his life, took rank with the strongest of his comrades, never flagging, never yielding to physical weakness, but, on the contrary, by his presence, his counsels, his bravery, animating his brothers to heroic endurance in the most trying of forced marches, to dash and prowess in the fiercest encounter, and to yet nobler things. "Seeing one of the youngest volunteers dressed in a linen jacket, and with no other protection against

the cold rains, he forced him to accept and wear his own cloak."

But the little undisciplined army of less than 1,000 men is not able to hold its own against the immense forces of Austria, amounting to not less than 10,000 men. Notwithstanding glorious feats of valour, it is reduced to a mere handful by forced marches, by unequal conflicts, and by desertions, not a few "finding it pleasanter," as their leader said, "to relate their glorious deeds in the inns and cafés of Lugano than to stay and endure the hardships and dangers of the camp." At Lugano Garibaldi, who had been suffering from intermittent attacks of fever, is forced to take to his bed; at the same time the army, disbanded but not defeated, withdraws from Lombardy, and the enterprise ends.

Garibaldi, who had gone on to Nice and then to Geneva, is scarcely well recovered before he is again found following the cause of liberty with a few comrades. He proceeded to Livonia and to Florence, purposing with his few brave men to pass on into Romagna. On the frontier he was stopped by the Pontifical Government. It was in the month of November, and the snow was knee-deep on the roads. His gallant comrades were protected from the bitter cold by very insufficient clothing. The larger number were clad in linen; many had to be content with rags. The pangs of hunger added to the miseries of frost-bite. With the Tuscan Government behind, desirous of getting rid of the patriots as soon as possible, and the

troops of the imbecile Papal Government in front prepared to resist any attempt to cross the frontier, the position of the Garibaldians, who desired at this juncture neither hostilities nor humiliation, was very perplexing. At length terms of their passage through Romagna to Ravenna were arranged. From Ravenna, Garibaldi, with a largely recruited force, was hoping to embark for Venice when a Roman dagger changed the whole aspect of affairs, by striking down Rossi, the Papal Prime Minister, on the steps of the Capitol.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained
Shouting it from the fields of death!

WHITTIER, *Italy*.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEFENCE OF ROME: RETREAT.

In the fierce year of failure and of fame
Art thou not yet the same,
That wert as lightning swifter than all wings
In the blind face of kings!
When priests took counsel to devise despair,
And princes to forswear,
She clasped thee, O her sword and flag-bearer
And staff and shield, to her,
O Garibaldi!

SWINBURNE, *Song of Italy.*

ON the death of Rossi, the Papal Prime Minister, the presence of the Garibaldians on Roman territory was no longer objected to. In fact, they were annexed to the Roman army during the stirring events that now rapidly followed each other.

Pope Pius IX., suddenly despoiled of his popularity, afraid of his disenchanted subjects, who almost stormed him in his palace at the Quirinal, fled away to Gaeta; and the Garibaldians marched to the Imperial city, crossing the Apennines in the face of severe snowstorms, *fêted* by the way by the stalwart mountaineers, with whose cheers for Italian liberty the very precipices and peaks

resounded. Garibaldi suffered severely during the march from rheumatism, which, he said, "detracted greatly from the picturesqueness of the journey." Reaching Rome he took up his quarters in the deserted convent of San Silvestro.

A popular appeal resulted in the election of a Constituent Assembly, of which Garibaldi was chosen a member. On February 8th, 1849, a Roman Republic was proclaimed, Mazzini, with two other patriots, Saffi and Armellini, in a Triumvirate, becoming the head.

Referring to these elections it may be well to quote certain eloquent words of Garibaldi as to their character. For he gives us the impression made on his susceptible nature by these stirring events, which took place in the very seat of the clerical party, and despite the influence, deadly as that of the rattlesnake and secret, propagated by them amongst an ignorant populace, to whom the patriots had been represented as enemies of God and man.

"It was a striking sight," writes the bluff soldier, "that of the sons of Rome again called to the Comitia after so many centuries of slavery and prostration under the shameful yoke of the Empire, or the still worse yoke of the Papal theocracy. Without tumult, without passion—unless patriotism and zeal for freedom are to be called by such names—without bribery, with no prefects or police-agents to intimidate the voters, the sacred function of the plebiscite was performed, and in the whole state there was not a single instance of a mercenary

GARIBALDI ON THE MARCH TO ROME.

vote, or a citizen selling himself to the patronage of the powerful."

We must not stop to enter into particulars as to the course of events at this stage of the Italian struggle for independence. No sooner, however, had the people of the Roman States declared that they were no longer mere Romans but Italians, than news came of the total defeat of Novara, of the abdication of Charles Albert, and the reinauguration of Austrian rule in Lombardy. Genoa, which sympathised with the patriots, was bombarded. Austria, ever the champion of Italian infamies, crossed the Po, marching south in hot haste ; while the army of the Neapolitan tyrant marched north, making for Rome.

Even Spain was moved to join the holy alliance of Catholic nations which took for its watchword, "The restoration of the Pope ; the extinction of the two republics of Venice and Rome." But it was not till France, liberty-loving France, threw her sword into the scale of despots, that the young Republic regarded itself as seriously menaced. Immediately it was proposed by Garibaldi that he should act on the offensive by marching south and flinging himself on the Neapolitan troops ; but before any action could be taken, the French troops, by a disgraceful stratagem, entwining the French flag with the tricolour, landed under the guise of peace-makers, to re-establish the Papal authority. A terrible struggle ensued. "Attacked by the French in flagrant violation of all rights of nations, Rome undertook to defend itself; and gene-

rous patriotic hearts, regardless of party differences, rallied round Garibaldi, who drove back the French from the city and defeated the Neapolitans. Rome withstood a three months' siege, in which four thousand of the noblest champions of Italy fell, lavishing their blood like water in a hopeless struggle." It should be said that Avezzana and Roselli were the principal officers, but Garibaldi was the soul of the defence. His heroic courage was universally recognised. At one moment leading a battalion to the bayonet charge, at another rushing to cheer his men if he saw them discouraged, exposing himself continually where the fight was thickest, he seemed to lead a charmed life. The bullets hailed around him, piercing his clothes but leaving him untouched.

> And still where'er his banners led
> He conquered as he came,
> The trembling hosts of treason fled
> Before his breath of flame.

In the earliest assault on the city the French were driven back with great loss, and it is probable that if Garibaldi had been permitted to pursue the fugitives, he would have driven them back, as he said, "to their ships or into the sea"; but he was forbidden by the Government of Rome to follow up his victory. For this he found it difficult to forgive Mazzini. A truce was proclaimed, during which the French sent General Oudinot enormous reinforcements. In the face of the grave dangers

before the little Republic, Garibaldi, who knew well that on him would devolve the heavy responsibility of defending Rome, boldly wrote the chief of the Triumvirate as follows:

MAZZINI,—Since you ask me what I wish, I will tell you. Here I cannot avail anything for the good of the Republic, save in two ways: as dictator with unlimited plenary powers, or as a simple soldier. Choose. Unchangingly yours,
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

It is needless to say that the plenary powers of dictator were not committed to him. What the result would have been if the helm of the vessel which was being driven on the rocks had been placed in his hand, we can only imagine; but we cannot doubt that his "never surrender" policy would have greatly modified, if it had not altogether altered, the course of events in the Italian Peninsula at this period, as it did in later years when he assumed the title of "Dictator of Sicily."

Checked by the authorities, his loyalty suffered no abatement; but he reserved to himself the right to refuse the humiliation of submitting to such an enemy as "*the grande nation*, which was to reconstruct the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, and guard it with French bayonets until the sword of their self-chosen master fell from his trembling hand at Sedan."

When the French, with a greatly reinforced army, were at length about to take possession of the city, the post of commander-in-chief was offered to Garibaldi, but it was too late. He

declined to move out of his subordinate position. After terrible fighting, in which fell the flower of the patriot army, the Triumvirate determined to surrender. Garibaldi refused to obey, for

> . . . . the fratricides of France

were

> . . . treading on the neck of Rome,

and he, for one, would not tamely witness the triumph of the foe.

Mazzini also washed his hands of the proposed capitulation as unworthy even of discussion in the Assembly. He would not be "the executioner of Rome's honour." When the resolution was carried declaring that the Roman Constituent Assembly ceased from a defence which was no longer possible, he withdrew from the Assembly and protested that its members had despaired of their country, which the people were prepared to defend with their last breath.

Mazzini, declining the protection offered by the American consul, made his way to Civita Vecchia, and finding a ship captain who was willing to accept the risk of sheltering so notorious an outlaw, sailed for Marseilles. The Austrians boarded the vessel at Leghorn and searched for him in every corner, without suspecting that the man in steward's garb, with cap drawn low over his broad forehead, busily occupied in washing up cups and plates, was the ex-chief of the Roman Triumvirate for whom they were looking. Landing in France,

he escaped to Switzerland, there to solace his well nigh broken spirit with those inveterate dreams of a brighter period for his own Italy which were never to be dissipated till they found their fulfilment in that radiant year of grace 1860.

Garibaldi meanwhile hastily assembled his troops, and proposed that they should quit Rome and march into the provinces and raise a wide-spread Revolution. "I offer you," he said, "new battles and fresh glory. Whoso is willing to follow me shall be received among my own people, but it will be at the price of great exertions and great perils. I require nothing of you but hearts filled with love to your country. I can give you no pay, no rest, and food will have to be eaten where it is found. Whoever is not satisfied with these conditions had better stay behind." Five thousand men rallied to his standard, and when the sun was setting in the west on a fair June evening, they marched out by the Tivoli gate, their hearts wrung with sadness, but fired with indomitable purpose. Anita was mounted on horseback, and by the side of Garibaldi was Ugo Bassi, the ex-priest, the tried friend of many sorrows; who in his youth renounced honour and fortune for the Church, and became at Bologna the popular preacher, on whose pathway the great nobles spread their jewelled mantles, and the people strewed it ankle-deep with flowers after they had been moved by his mighty words of truth; who was persecuted and exiled to a lonely monastery among the Apennine wilds for his faithfulness in denouncing

the sins of an indolent and licentious priesthood, whom his life of devotion and voluntary poverty put to shame; and who at last renounced the Church for his country, following the army but never wielding any other sword than the keen blade of divine truth, and who at last, as the crown to his pure and beautiful life, was martyred by the Austrians with the consent of the Papal authorities.

His presence in the army was a great power for good.

> The wild, fierce legionaries, with no law
> But Garibaldi's, round him reverently
> Knelt, for the first time praying, till his word
> Subdued them to some likeness of himself,
> And all the camp became a house of God.

So with Anita, his wife, who had cut off her hair, her chief ornament, and dressed as a man, Ugo Bassi, and many other like-minded companions, and 5,000 men, Garibaldi left Rome on July 2nd, like the patriarch of old, not knowing whither he went. At Terni he was joined by an intrepid Englishman, Colonel Forbes, a lover of Italy, who brought with him several hundred well-drilled men. This is the most pathetically disastrous of all Garibaldi's marches. They had scarcely left the city before a flying column of French, and the Neapolitan and Austrian armies, guided by priests, crucifix in hand, were on their track. The patriots marched on in silence, taking rough and narrow byways to evade the pursuing

armies, sheltering by night in monastery buildings, or sleeping under the open sky, gathering their food as they travelled, and all faring alike, officers and men. Before six days had passed they were exhausted with fatigue. Want looked them in the face. Dangers beset them. Greater perils loomed in front. The raw recruits fell away by hundreds thus early in the time of trial—stealthily dropping out of the ranks and never returning. After marching in various directions, pressed by the combined armies, they scaled the Apennines by narrow paths known only to the muleteer and the goat herd, often marching in single file ; famished and footsore, haggard and torn, but the spectres of their former selves ; many falling down and dying, and finding their sepulchre among the vulture-haunted crags ; those who pressed on snatching an hour's sleep now and then on the bare rock ; rising up to catch glimpses, through the curling mists and the narrow defiles, of the huge columns of the relentless foe that was tracking them through the gateways of the mountains to their last retreat.

Descending the rugged eastern side, keeping at bay by fierce fighting the enemy, who now followed close on their rear, they (at least 1,200 of them) at length reached the little Republic of San Marino, and were welcomed with joy by its people. But here they were not permitted to rest. The Austrian General Gorzhowski, disregarding the right of one free people, no matter how weak, to afford shelter to another, surrounded the town,

and sent a summons to the Republic, declaring that he would invade their territory if they harboured the Garibaldians ; at the same time making proposals of surrender to Garibaldi, namely, pardon for the officers and men, and safe conduct to their homes, and for Garibaldi a passage to America. But Garibaldi tore up the paper, and said : "I make no terms for my own life with him whose heel is down on Italy. There is no answer. But I will not bring ruin on this peaceful people, who have given us a welcome worthy of their boast of immemorial freedom. I leave here to-morrow with my sword. Soldiers, I release you from the obligation of following me. Return to your homes. But remember that Italy must not be left in slavery and shame. Let who will follow me. I offer you fresh conflicts, privations, and exile."

Nine hundred men laid down their arms on promise of being allowed to return to their homes, but the major part was cast into the prisons of Mantua. Two hundred dauntless spirits followed their leader, on whose head was now set a price. Whoever would shelter him and his banditti, or give them food, fire, or water, should be put to death ; and whoever would deliver up the arch-rebel, dead or alive, should have a free pardon—no matter what his crime—and a fortune worthy of the Imperial treasury.

They reached the sea-coast ; Anita, who refused to be left behind, fast failing in health, and needing to be carried on a litter. They seized thirteen boats, and on a wild night left San

Marino, hoping to reach some Adriatic port, whence they might embark for Venice. Our countryman, Colonel Forbes, was the last to go on board. When in sight of their destination, on a beautiful moonlight night—too beautiful, for the moonlight betrayed them—they were sighted by the Austrian squadron, which lay east of the Point of Gora. After severe fighting eight boats were captured or sunk. Garibaldi, with four boats, escaped and landed on the enemy's coast, near Ravenna, a bleak and inhospitable coast, whose scattered inhabitants were chiefly Papal partisans. Northward for Venice they set out, hoping, by some miracle, to reach it. After traversing tracts of reedy marsh and shifting sand Anita sank and could go no further. Garibaldi, not wishing needlessly to imperil the lives of his companions by allowing them to fall into the hands of the Austrians, who were savagely hunting the patriots in their forest lair, dismissed them, bidding each a sad farewell as they departed singly or in couples.

But alas! many did fall a prey to Austrian military cruelty. Here is a sample in Garibaldi's own words. He had parted with nine of his friends in a scene of great pathos. These were a father and two sons, one of them a boy of thirteen, a Genoese priest, with four other brave patriots, and Ugo Bassi. They were soon captured. "Dig nine graves," said an Austrian captain, under the orders of an Austrian prince, to a crowd of peasants. The graves were dug in a few moments in that light sandy soil, and nine patriots were

DEATH OF ANITA.

shot and buried by the hands of Italians, who had been taught by the priests to look on the Italian Liberals as murderers. Ugo Bassi was tortured by the priests before being shot. He had been a priest himself, and therefore their rage against him was all the greater.

Garibaldi himself remained behind with his inseparable companion, Lieutenant Leggiero, and his devoted Anita, who soon after died in his arms in a woodman's cottage at La Mandriola, where dwelt some touch of mercy and goodness. "I strove to detain her with me; I felt her failing pulse and sought to catch her feeble breathing, but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair." His own life he owed to Colonel Bennet, an old comrade in arms, who resided in this neighbourhood, and who succoured the hero and his dying wife as far as he dared. But here he could not remain with prudence. He hurriedly left the place, lest he should endanger by his presence those who had befriended him, leaving them to inter the body. A grave was hastily dug, and they buried her alone within the depths of the pine forest near the murmuring sea.

Thus died this woman of peerless courage, who, whatever the folly of her youth, greatly atoned for it by her love of liberty, her quenchless sympathy with the suffering, her toil and travail for the good of Italy, and her martyr-death in the wilds of Ravenna.

The words of Whittier will form a fitting con-

clusion to this chapter, pointing as they do with magnificent force to what the future will unfold :

> Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy sword
> Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured
> Where, in Christ's name, the crownèd infidel
> Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell.
> * * * * * *
> God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,
> It searches all the refuges of lies ;
> And in His time and way, the accursed things
> Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
> Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age
> Shall perish. WHITTIER : *Garibaldi.*

CHAPTER VII.

DISASTER; EXILE; ENGLAND; CAPRERA.

The Lombard stands no more at bay,
Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;
The ravens scattered by the day,
Come back with night again.

Hider at Gaeta, seize thy chance!
Coward and cruel, come!

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack;
And Naples, with his dastard bands
Of murderers, lead thee back.

WHITTIER: *To Pius IX.*

GARIBALDI was broken-hearted at the death of Anita. The light of his life had gone out in a terribly dark night. And if there had not been in the wintry sky another star that attracted and fascinated him, he too would have lain down and died. But there was another star—the liberation of his country! Italy required him; and he must not die.

Oh, well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.
For him nor moves the world's loud random mock,
Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
Compassed about with turbulent sound,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel crowned.

He plunged into the forest, and made his way with one companion right across the whole breadth of Italy, from the mouths of the Po to the Gulf of Sterbino. For thirty-seven days he wandered in various disguises among the Apennines, hiding in caves and dense jungle, except when some patriot peasant would risk his head, as indeed many did, obeying God rather than man, in finding him a passing shelter. He lived on wild fruits when no better fare was available, suffered incredible hardships, and at last, in spite of the priests, who used the pulpit and the confessional to exhort the peasant women to act as spies "to the greater glory of God," and in spite also of the ten thousand wolfish agents of the Austrians, he succeeded in crossing Italy only to be arrested at Chiavari by a Piedmontese officer. He was escorted to Genoa, where he was imprisoned in the ducal palace, the people raging menacingly about his cell. After a stormy debate on his arrest in the Piedmontese Parliament, he was released. But the debate showed that he had many friends among the members of the House. The ministry was taunted for showing servility to the French and Austrians. "Shame! shame!" burst from the majority of the House when Pinelli, the War Minister, attempted to justify Garibaldi's arrest. "Imitate his greatness," said one of the deputies, "if you can; if you are unable to do so, respect it. Keep this glory of ours in Italy at least—we have none too much." The following motion was carried by an immense majority: "The

Chamber, declaring that the arrest of General Garibaldi and his threatened expulsion from Piedmont are violations of the rights consecrated by the Statute, of the principles of nationality, and of Italian glory, passes to the order of the day." Garibaldi was set at liberty ; but the Government appealed to *his generosity* to leave the country, and this he agreed to do. Sardinia, afraid of

> The sanguine-sandalled priest,

and of

> The Austrian . . .
> With wings that widened and with beak that smote,

dared not find its great hero a home.

He proceeded to Nice to bid a hurried and most affecting farewell to his children and his aged mother, whose last blessing he was now to receive. The lines of William Morris in his poem *Pain and Time Strive Not*, may fitly express his heart's sorrow :

> What drop in the grey flood of years
> That Time, when the long day toiled through,
> Worn out, shows nought for me to do,
> And nothing worth my labour hears
> The longing of that last farewell ?
>
> What pity from the heavens above,
> What heed from out eternity,
> What word from the swift world for me ?
> Speak, heed, and pity, O tender love,
> Who knew'st the days before farewell !

This parting scene was very pathetic. Sailor cousins and a tottering old uncle gripped his hand

and were made glad by his warm kiss. The old mother was speechless for sorrow save for the words of benediction that fell from her lips. The children, all unknowing of the death of Anita, asked, "Where is mamma?" the youngest child greeting him thus: "Mamma did tell you in Rome how good I was!" The bluff soldier was overcome with emotion, and could but clasp to his heart his motherless bairns and utter a broken farewell.

The following letter to his mother was written on the eve of his departure: "I start to-morrow for Tunis, in the steamer *Tripoli*, and if it were not for the separation from you and the children I should not have much to complain of. I am led to hope for a speedy return. Above all, I beseech you not to grieve overmuch, and neither to deprive yourself nor stint the children. Use freely the little money I have left you; give me warning when you want more, and write to me often. I will keep you informed of my whereabouts. A kiss to the children. Love ever your devoted son." He sailed for Tunis on September 16th, 1849, fortitude and quenchless hope sustaining this strong, gentle-hearted man who had "risked all, dared all, lost all, for Italy."

Tunis refused him an asylum at the dictation of France. He was sent to Gibraltar in the war vessel *Colombo*. Again he was commanded by the English governor to move on. He was stung to the quick by conduct which, proceeding from such a "generous" nation, he speaks of as "discourteous, futile, unworthy, as a kick to the fallen." Before

the end of 1850 he embarked for America. "*Dare tempo al tempo*" (give time to time) he said. A "world-rejected guest," he remained there three years. He held himself aloof from politics, earning for a time a scanty living by manual labour in a candle factory in New York, and sending all the money that self-sacrifice could extract from his poverty to his mother and children. His life was sad and lonely, and if any gladness came to him, it was wrung by faith from the bright future which he never failed to believe in for Italy. Soon he tired of the smell of grease, and the monotony of the life of an operative in such uncongenial surroundings, and pined for the sea and the field. In 1851 he left New York for Nicaragua, where he was struck down by terrible fever, to which he must have succumbed had it not been for the kindness of some Italians who had settled at Panama. Recovering, and embarking for Lima, he found the balm his nature needed in the invigorating ocean breezes. He obtained command of a merchant vessel, named the *Carmen*, made voyages to ports in China and the Eastern Archipelago, visited Australia and other parts of the southern world, and eventually brought his ship round Cape Horn and on to Boston.

In 1854 he returned to Europe in command of the *Commonwealth*, reaching London in February, where his cargo had to be landed, and the Tyne in March. He was warmly received by the Tynesiders, who, under the guidance of the Newcastle newspaper press, had followed with deep sympathy

his struggles and sufferings. With characteristic modesty he declined any sort of public demonstration. However, the working people, by a penny subscription, purchased a telescope and gilt-hilted sword, which was inscribed : " To General Garibaldi, by the people of Tyneside, friends of European freedom." These tokens of respect and affection were presented to him on board his ship at Shields on April 10th. The deputation was headed by Joseph Cowen, whose speech on the occasion glowed with his characteristic love for oppressed nations. Garibaldi's reply, straight from the heart, is manly, simple, breathing high courage and higher humanity.

" Gentlemen, I am very weak in the English language, and can but imperfectly express my acknowledgments for your over-great kindness. You honour me beyond my deserts. My services are not worthy of all the favour you have shown me. You more than reward me for any sacrifices I may have made in the cause of freedom. One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem, the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor oppressed and down-trodden country. Speaking in a strange tongue, I feel most painfully my inability to thank you in terms sufficiently warm. The future will alone show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheath the noble gift I have just received, and again battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But be sure of this : Italy will

one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown to her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles. Gentlemen, I would say more, but my bad English prevents me. You can appreciate my feelings, and understand my hesitation. Again I thank you from my heart of hearts, and be confident of this—that whatever vicissitudes of fortune I may hereafter pass through, this handsome sword shall never be drawn by me except in the cause of liberty."

The health of Joseph Mazzini, who was spoken of by the proposer as "the illustrious compatriot of Garibaldi," was drunk with great enthusiasm. After a few days the vessel left the Tyne. Before Garibaldi sailed for London, he penned the following remarkable letter to Joseph Cowen, who has been well called "the champion of every forlorn hope, the steadfast friend of every struggling nationality."

Ship *Commonwealth*,

Tynemouth, April 12th, 1854.

MY DEAR COWEN,—The generous manifestation of sympathy with which I have been honoured by you and your fellow citizens is of itself sufficient to recompense a life, were it even of great merit. Born and educated, as I have been, in the cause of humanity, my heart is entirely devoted to liberty—universal liberty, national and world-wide, *ora e sempre*. England is a great and powerful nation, independent of auxiliary aid, foremost in human progress, enemy to despotism, the only safe refuge for the exile in Europe, friend of the oppressed; but if ever England, your native country, should be so circumstanced as to require the help

GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.

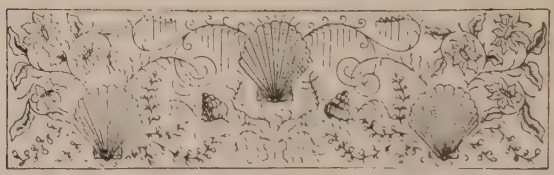
of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence! Your Government has given the autocrat a check, and the Austrian a lesson. The despots of Europe are against it in consequence. Should England at any time in a just cause need my arm, I am ready to unsheath in her defence the splendid sword received at your hands. Be the interpreter of my gratitude to your good and generous countrymen. I regret, deeply regret, to leave without again grasping hands with you. Farewell, my dear friend, but not *adieu!* Keep room for me in your heart. Yours, always and everywhere, G. GARIBALDI.

He arrived at Genoa in May with a cargo of coal. Proceeding to Nice, he had the great happiness of embracing his children after his five years' exile. His mother had died in March, 1852. He purchased a small property in the island of Caprera, and here, with intervals of sea-going, he spent his time in agricultural pursuits until 1859, when he was again called to draw his sword in the cause of liberty, as will appear later on.

His life at Caprera was beautiful in its rustic simplicity. He cared for his children like a mother, even to washing them and teaching them "to write, by tracing copies in pencil on carefully-ruled paper." He rose early, went out with his gun for a ramble, returned to labour or to listen to his daughter's music, or to engage in games with the children. No one would imagine from his quiet manner that he was the hero of innumerable battles, and a

> Mighty seaman, tender, true,
> And pure . . . from taint of craven guile.

He was none the less profoundly interested in the questions of the day, and was known to have clear and decided opinions of his own. From all revolutionary projects that might embarrass the Sardinian Government he kept himself free, though he was willing enough to foster any enterprise that promised well for Italy. In 1855, Sir James Hudson invited him to lead an attempt to liberate the Settembrini and other victims of Bourbon tyranny, who were pining in miserable servitude in the galleys. He came to England in 1856 to arrange the purchase of a cutter. While at Portsmouth, he won the hearts of all who came into contact with him, from the servants in the house where he was entertained to the shipwrights on the quays. Among the subscribers to this enterprise were Mrs. Gladstone and Lord and Lady Holland. But it came to nothing; at least, it was suspended until 1859, when the prisoners were liberated. Garibaldi was sorely disappointed.



CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO THE STRIFE.

A courage so sublime and unafraid,
It wears its sorrow like a coat of mail;
And fate, the archer, passes by dismayed,
Knowing his best barbed arrows needs must fail
To pierce a soul so armoured and arrayed,
That death itself might look on it and quail,
E. WHEELER-WILCOX.

CAVOUR now held the reins of power at Turin. He was a great statesman, endowed with keen, far-sighted political genius. He was bold and masterful, and yet cautious, subtle, a born schemer. He had the power to manage men and to manipulate circumstances so as to secure his own ends to an extraordinary degree. He was "in short," as one has said, "equipped with all the supple, dexterous, non-committal craft of a Talleyrand, with the comprehensive intellect, the rapid conception, the swifter action which formed the *sine qua non* of an Italian statesman in those neck-or-nothing times." He cannot be looked upon as a sympathiser with the views of Mazzini and Garibaldi. On the other hand, he cherished the strangest antipathy towards our heroes, and when

the attempt on Naples in 1859 failed, Cavour was instrumental in getting a sentence of death passed on Mazzini, who had inspired and organised the proposed attack. The sentence was not executed; but Mazzini's organ, the *Italia del Popolo*, was day after day sequestrated and the managers were imprisoned. Cavour was doubtless anxious to ingratiate himself with the French emperor, who dreaded the tricolour flag that flew

> Green as summer, and red as dawn, and white
> As the live heart of light;

the symbol of hope and freedom and a pure national life under one "sole royal crown"—royal because it is placed on the head of the sovereign by the hands of a loving free people. The results of Cavour's French policy, of which the emperor had taken advantage to make unreasonable demands, provoked a reaction, not only amongst the Piedmontese people, but in the mind of the brave young king, Victor Emmanuel, who wrote to his envoy at the Court of the Tuileries in the following vigorous language: "Tell the emperor, in whatever terms you think fit, that this is not the way to treat a faithful ally. Tell him that I have never suffered violence from any one; that the path of honour which I follow is stainless; that in questions of honour I answer only to God and my people; that for 850 years we have held our heads high, and that no human being shall make us bow them." At Plombières misunderstandings were cleared away during the famous interview between

Cavour and Napoleon. A pretext was also found for waging war against Austria. Garibaldi, when the war was about to break out, was summoned to Turin by Cavour. There was no love lost between these two men; but the statesman could not well afford to dispense with the greatest of Italian soldiers; and the soldier could not find it in his heart to refuse the opportunity for attack on the inveterate enemy of Italian freedom; though, he tells us, the Sardinian ally, France, "inspired him with no confidence." Enthusiastically he writes to an old friend in arms that the cause of the Government is dear to him. When he speaks of the coming war his face is radiant, and his voice breaks with emotion. "This time we shall do it," he says. "I have been satisfied in high places." He has unlimited faith in the national armament, and in the fire and courage of the people. He seems to see the armies of free citizens sweeping the huge battalions of the Austrians from the field, and

> The dusty shreds of shameful battle-flags,
> Trampled and rent in rags,
> As withering woods in autumn's bitterest breath,
> Yellow, and black as death;

and the fair vision of Italy redeemed entrances him. Mazzini was not so sanguine. Indeed, he did not believe that unity and liberty could proceed from an alliance with imperial France. An enlarged Piedmont there might be; but for the rest of Italy there would be unwelcome French control. It is not possible in this brief sketch to

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

enter at all fully into the relations existing between the popular leaders and Cavour, nor to trace the course of events at this juncture with any minuteness. Prussia and England endeavoured to prevent what they feared might grow into a European war, but in vain. True, Louis Napoleon for the moment was practically induced to abandon the cause of Italy, though later he took the field; and Austria, acting on the offensive, declared war against Piedmont, and crossed the Ticino on April 29th, 1859. Garibaldi and his corps, called "the hunters of the Alps," were left almost alone to cope with the enemy in the beginning of the war. His campaign was one of almost unbroken success. His little army of never more than 5,000 volunteers fought with magnificent courage, covering themselves with glory. The Austrian army amounted to 200,000 men, while the entire forces of Piedment did not exceed 75,000. The French army of some 160,000 men, coming on the scene of conflict, decided the destiny of events by winning the battle of Magenta, Solferino followed on Magenta, and was not won without fearful losses. But whilst the Italians are crying "*Viva* Victor Emmanuel! *Viva* Italian Independence," an inspired note appears in the *Moniteur* which informs the public that "the idea of uniting Italy into one State is not to be entertained." Napoleon, not the defeated Austrians, demands a truce, and he telegraphs to his queen that a suspension of arms has been decided on between the (Austrian) emperor and himself, and

the two emperors, largely ignoring Victor Emmanuel and his minister, Cavour, whose chagrin is unspeakable, meet to arrange a peace at Villafranca on May 9th.

The news of the peace was received by Garibaldi with bitter regret, notwithstanding the fact that the valour of his corps procured for them the thanks of the government and the admiration of Italy. Perfidious Louis Napoleon had once more blighted his hopes by this disgraceful truce which brought no real peace to the yearning and suffering people of the peninsula.

> Peace, peace, peace, do you say?
> What! with the enemy's guns in our ears?
> With the country's wrong not rendered back?
> What! while Austria stands at bay
> In Mantua; and our Venice bears
> The cursed flag of the yellow and black?
>
> —MRS. BROWNING.

Garibaldi received orders to suspend his military operations. He sent his resignation to the king and returned to his native town, Nice. Nice soon after sent him to Parliament to oppose the handing over of the town with its fortunes to France; but in vain, for despite the protests of its people, the town was ceded to the false champion of Italian liberties as some recompense for the sacrifices which culminated in Villafranca! For this Garibaldi never forgave Cavour.

But the hour had come with the peace of Villafranca for fresh enterprises on behalf of Sicily and Naples. "Come," say the Sicilians,

"and 'the vespers' will again re-echo through the island." Hearing at Caprera of a patriotic movement at Palermo, Garibaldi left for Genoa with the intention of sending some help to his friends. Cavour sought to checkmate him, not deeming it opportune "to let loose such a firebrand on southern Europe," but the king, who was more patriotic than his ministers, was not inclined to oppose Garibaldi in this matter. Garibaldi, after many delays, resolved on the dash on Sicily, which, proving successful, established the unity of the Italian nation, and filled every free state in Europe with wonder and delight, and caused every despot to tremble and gnash his teeth with rage.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DASH ON SICILY AND NAPLES.

Thou, too, O splendour of the sudden sword
That drave the crews abhorred
From Naples and the siren-footed strand!

ON the night of May 5th, 1860, after many delays, Garibaldi packed arms, ammunition, provisions, and baggage in two small boats, embarked with a handful of men, and seized two steamers, the *Lombardo* and the *Piemonte*, which were at anchor in the harbour of Genoa. The crews were overpowered and persuaded to join the ranks of the patriots. Steam was got up, and at an appointed place on the coast—the roadstead of Quarto, outside the harbour—1,000 men, nearly all of "the hunters of the Alps," were taken on board.

All this was done by moonlight, and it required all the coolness and resource of which Garibaldi was so great a master. "By dawn," Garibaldi writes in his *Autobiography*, "all were on board. The joy of danger and adventure, and the consciousness of serving their country's sacred cause,

were stamped on the countenances of the thousand. They were glorious, my young veterans of Italian liberty; and I, proud of their faith in me, felt capable of attempting anything. O night of May 5th," he soliloquises, "illumined by the countless fires with which the Omnipotent has adorned the infinity of space! beautiful, tranquil, solemn, with that solemnity which thrills noble hearts hastening to the deliverance of the slave. They go not to invade and conquer a poor, unhappy population. No! They hasten to Trinacria, where the Picciotti, intolerant of the tyrant's yoke, have risen and sworn to die rather than remain slaves. And who are the Picciotti? Though bearing this modest title, they are none other than the descendants of the mighty people of the Vespers, who in a single hour exterminated a whole army of tyrants." So writes the enthusiastic leader.

Some days before starting he let fly a barbed arrow at Cavour in a letter he wrote King Victor Emmanuel. "I know that I embark on a perilous enterprise; but I put confidence in God, and in the courage and devotion of my companions. If I fail, I trust Italy and liberal Europe will not forget that it was undertaken from motives free from all egotism, and entirely patriotic. If we achieve it, I shall be proud to add to your Majesty's crown a new and, perhaps, more brilliant jewel—always on condition that your Majesty will stand opposed to counsellors who would cede this province to the foreigner, as has been done with my native city."

[*From "Battles of the Nineteenth Century."*

PALERMO.

He arrived at Marsala in Sicily after a speedy voyage, having successfully dodged some Neapolitan war-vessels which were on the look-out for him. These war-vessels had on this very morning left Marsala to watch for the coming of the *Lombardo* and *Piemonte*. Garibaldi sighted them on the eastern horizon as he was entering the harbour, and had time to land part of his men before they came within cannon-shot. The presence of two English men-of-war restrained the Bourbon commander from opening fire at once, and thus, Garibaldi says, "The noble English flag once more helped to prevent bloodshed, and I, the Benjamin of these lords of the ocean, was for the hundredth time protected by them. After landing his men one of his steamers, the *Piemonte*, fell into the hands of the enemy, the other grounded on a sand-bank and was left to her fate. There was thus no temptation to retreat. "We have no hope now," said he, "but in going forward. It is death or victory." He was everywhere received with demonstrations of joy and gratitude. The people flocked to his standard, and soon his army numbered 12,000. Town after town surrendered to him—but not without desperate fighting—until in a few days the island was at his feet, and he was proclaimed "dictator" of the island, a dignity which he accepted in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

Victor Emmanuel, while he mildly disclaimed the enterprise, in his secret heart rejoiced in it. And even Cavour, the wily diplomatist, while "he

uttered disavowals which disavowed nothing," commanded the Sardinian admiral to assist him, and sent Garibaldi word that "the king and the government had the utmost confidence in him"; and "that the Italian standard once hoisted in Sicily, should traverse the kingdom, and float along the coasts of the Adriatic." The hearts of Englishmen were entirely with him, and the English Government looked on with great favour; permitting its subjects to supply money, ships, and men, and refused to accept the invitation of France to interfere on behalf of the tyrant of Naples. France dared not interfere alone. Poor Francesco too late offered to make any concession that would save his throne.

Meanwhile Garibaldi was resting his men, making preparations for crossing the Straits of Messina. When all was ready he crossed over to Calabria safely under the cover of night, in spite of a swarm of Neapolitan cruisers, and without any assistance from the Sardinian fleet. Cavour, whose attitude is difficult to understand, had written to Admiral Persano: "Garibaldi must be hindered at any price from crossing over to the continent;" and later, "Do not assist the passage of Garibaldi to the continent. On the contrary, try by indirect means to delay it to the uttermost." It was said that Cavour "kept two sets of weights and measures." Even the king, on whom great pressure had been put by the Cavourians, enjoined him not to cross the Straits. But Garibaldi, strong in his new dictatorship, and resolved that the entire

continent should be free, had determined at all hazards to go forward. The dictator in his very heart believed that Victor Emmanuel saw eye to eye with him, and, having no personal ends to serve, only longed for the day to come when he might abdicate his position, and bring about the unconditional annexation of the Two Sicilies to Sardinia.

Landing at Melito in the very midst of the Bourbon soldiers, he found the Calabrian people eager to co-operate in overthrowing the hateful Bourbon dynasty. Whilst they gathered round the patriots and supplied them with provisions, the Bourbon soldiers shut themselves up in the forts for safety, to surrender after a feeble resistance. Vast quantities of stores and ammunition fell into the hands of the Garibaldians. The march through the Calabrian provinces was a triumphal procession. Five hundred Garibaldians reaching San Lorenzo were invited by the Syndic, in the name of the townsmen, "to take up their lot with them for life or death." They consented to do so on the condition that, on the fall of the Bourbon Government, "the dictatorship of Garibaldi, in the name of liberty and national unity, should be proclaimed." "Rolling drums summoned the people to the piazza, and amid deafening shouts of joy and applause the national government was inaugurated, and the tricolour hoisted over the town hall. Thus was Garibaldi welcomed ere he came." Almost without firing a shot he drove the Neapolitan troops before him, compelled the king to abandon his

capital and his palace and retire to Capua, and entered the city of Naples on September 7th with a few of his staff—just four months after leaving Genoa. "September 7th, 1860! which of the sons of the Parthenon," writes Garibaldi, "will not remember that glorious day? On September 7th fell the abhorred dynasty which a great English statesman had called 'The curse of God,' and on its ruins rose the sovereignty of the people." At three o'clock Garibaldi handed over the Neapolitan fleets with the arsenal and the forts to Admiral Persano as the representative of the King of Italy. A right royal gift truly to the Government which, if it did not actually thwart him, did nothing to further his great enterprise. But now Cavour's policy suddenly became, for a brief interval, identical with that of the patriots! Proclaimed dictator of Naples, Garibaldi liberates political prisoners, establishes infant asylums, abolishes the order of Jesuits, and confiscates their property, substitutes saving-banks for the lottery, reduces the price of bread, proclaims the absolute freedom of the press; and all decrees, all acts of public authority and of administration are issued in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and all the seals of state, etc., bear the arms of the House of Savoy. A loyal soul dwells in this heroic conqueror! Great gladness swept through Naples like a river of life. The joy of the inhabitants was beyond all bounds. The people cheered and wept and embraced in true Italian style. At night the city was ablaze with torchlight processions and window illuminations.

The tricolour flag floated everywhere, speaking of—

> Red hills of flame, white Alps, green Apennines,
> Banner of blowing pines,
> Standards of stormy snows, flags of light leaves,
> Three wherewith Freedom weaves
> One ensign that, once woven and once unfurled,
> Makes day of all the world.

The voice of praise to the God of battles rose in the Cathedral in a mighty *Te Deum*, Garibaldi being present at the service.

The general completed the conquest of Naples, the battles of the Volturno and Caserta Vecchia, stubborn fights, won in spite of desperate odds, ending the campaign of 1860. Then Garibaldi, according to his original purpose, handed over his dictatorship to Victor Emmanuel, recognising him King of Italy. Few events in modern history are more interesting than this.

The king had issued, under the influence of Cavour and his party, a proclamation, in which he declared, not too wisely, that he "was coming to restore order and close the era of revolutions in Italy." Garibaldi, who regarded the proclamation as almost infamous, suppressing his great annoyance, crossed the Volturno at the head of his volunteers to meet the king, crying as he approached, "Hail to the King of Italy!" The interview between the king and the dictator lasted but a few minutes; no invitation was given to Garibaldi to accompany his Majesty, who said to him, 'Your troops must be weary,

mine are fresh." Presently they parted, Garibaldi halting at Calvi and fixing his headquarters in the

[*From "Battles of the Nineteenth Century."*

THE VOLTURNO.

church, where he slept on straw and regaled himself on bread and cheese. Whilst the general, knowing that he was the victim of nefarious

intrigue, was too great to brood over the studied coldness and discourtesy of the king, whom he pitied more than blamed, his men were indignant and ready to revolt. "To Rome! to Rome!" burst from many brave lips. "No," he said; "trust me. I do what is best—obey me." But they were soon to part from their leader. The last time he stood in the midst of his troops their emotion was too much for him; tears and sobs burst from men who had never wept since childhood. He sat pale and motionless on his horse; his voice quivered as he said to his officers, "Thanks, my old comrades. You have done much with scant means in a short time. We have yet more to do." He could not think that his work was done with Rome and Venice still in bondage to tyrants.

He accompanied the king on his entrance into Naples. The king's better self asserting itself, he said: "General, but for your daring and enterprise, the unity of Italy could not have taken place for ten years yet." Garibaldi replied, "It may be, sire, but I could not have attempted my expedition if Victor Emmanuel had not been the noblest and most generous of kings." The two kings—the crowned and sceptred king, and the king of ten thousand hearts, who wore the scarlet blouse—rode into the city together, the people making one continuous ovation; and this completed one of the most striking dramas in the history of nations. Italian liberty, at any rate for the south, is no longer a dream, but a fact.

[*From "Cassell's History of England."*

MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain,
The languid smile that follows pain;
Stretching her cramped limbs in the sun again.

Oh! joy for all who hear her call,
From gray Camaldan's convent-wall,
And Elmo's towers, to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines,
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath,
Rejoice as one that witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,
Writing the grave with flowers, "Arisen again."

—WHITTIER, *Naples, 1860.*

Nothing in the life of Garibaldi is more touching than the genuine simplicity, the unselfish and manly dignity with which he now retired from his proud position. After delivering into the hands of Victor Emmanuel two kingdoms, he declined all honours and emoluments, refusing the title of Prince of Calatafimi, the rank of marshal in the Italian army, the grand cross of the Annunciata, and an income of 500,000 francs, and taking leave of his sovereign with the sole request that he would not forget the army of liberators, he embarked a poor man for the solitude of his rock farm on granite, sea-girt Caprera. *Poor*, did I say? Yes, as the mercenary

herd of men speak, but rich with the inward treasure of love and courage and nobleness, which kings cannot give ; " rich in the consciousness that he had given liberty to 10,000,000 of Italians, consolidated Italian unity, and rendered the possession of Rome inevitable " ; rich in the magic name which, vibrating through Europe, stood for blessings more precious than life.

" Tyrants," Mrs. Browning sings—

> Tyrants, while they cursed that name
> Shook at their own curse ; and while others bore
> Its sound as of a trumpet on before,
> Italian heroes justified its fame,
> And dying men on trampled battle-sods
> Near their last silence—uttered it for God's.

CHAPTER X.

CAPRERA AGAIN—ASPROMONTE—ENGLAND.

Sometimes trustful, often fearful
In this world of shifting wrong;
Sometimes joyful, often tearful,
Still be this our rallying song,
Aye, in sadness
And in gladness
Nobly act, for God is strong.
MACKENZIE BELL, *Spring's Immortality.*

BACK he goes once more to Caprera; but before starting he goes on board the *Hannibal* to bid farewell to "England's good admiral" (Admiral Mundy), who throughout the Sicilian campaign had given Garibaldi many proofs of his sympathy and goodwill, interpreting in their broadest sense the instructions received from Lord Palmerston that a British man-of-war should still be considered a safe place of refuge for persons, of whatever country or party, who should seek shelter under the British flag from persecution on account of their political conduct or opinions. At Palermo the admiral had striven in the first place to prevent and then to mitigate the horrors of bombardment. The deck of the *Hannibal* was the

place where the Neapolitan general, Lanza, had met in conference His Excellency General Garibaldi to arrange a passage through the lines of the patriot army and an escort for Lanza's officers, Admiral Mundy acting as mediator. Referring to that day, the English admiral writes, "What must have been the distress of the royal army before the *alter ego* of the sovereign could have condescended to this. The man who up to this hour had been stigmatised by epithets degrading to human nature, and denounced in proclamations as a pirate, rebel, filibuster, now elevated to the rank of his 'Excellency,' and of 'General.' It was equivalent to the recognition of his character as an equal, and an acknowledgment of inability to subdue him by force. My own feelings on the subject were those of infinite satisfaction. Strong in the knowledge that the presence of the British flag had arrested conflagration, I held it certain that, once let the representatives of each belligerent Power tread the deck of the *Hannibal*, hostilities would cease." Garibaldi had recognised the impartial and humane conduct of the British admiral, and felt that an immense debt of gratitude was due to him. Some interesting details of his last visit to the *Hannibal* are given by Admiral Mundy in his "H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples." A few brief extracts will not be unacceptable. "Your conduct to me," he said to the admiral, "since our first meeting at Palermo has been so kind and generous that it never can be erased from my memory. It is engraven there indelibly; it will last my life."

It was Garibaldi's steadfast faith in the honour of the British flag that made it possible for Admiral Mundy, as the representative of a neutral power, to operate effectively for good ; and without this steadfast faith "the armistice which brought about the cessation of hostilities might never have been arranged."

Garibaldi invited his friend to his cottage at Caprera, and spoke glowingly of its beautiful harbour, where Nelson had once anchored his fleet.

He did not consider that his work of liberator was ended. Far from it ; "before five months have passed," he said, "I shall again be in the field with a million of men under arms, and the work of the regeneration of my country must be completed. I shall never rest satisfied till emancipation from foreign rule has been effected throughout the Italian kingdom. Rome and Venice are not French or Austrian cities. They belong to Italy alone." "The French Emperor was the prime enemy of Italy," he emphatically declared. He spoke bitterly of Cavour, "who had acquiesced in the degradation of his country by yielding to the will of the spoliator." If he had fully known Cavour's cruel hatred of Mazzini, and his strong wish to bury in some dark prison "the Father of Italian liberty," he would probably have spoken still more bitterly ; though the "inveterate hatred" which he seemed "to cherish for every act of the chief minister" profoundly impressed the English seaman. For the king he had great respect : but

GARIBALDI AND HIS FAMILY.

this would have been modified if he had dreamt that Victor Emmanuel, on his way to receive the gift of two kingdoms, could have allowed Cavour to write words like the following: "No compromise with the Mazzinians, no weakness with the Garibaldians, but infinite tact with their general."

Garibaldi proceeded to Caprera in an English merchant steamer. The elections to the Italian Parliament took place shortly after, but at first he declined to accept a seat. "My place," he said, "is not upon parliamentary benches. I await the fresh call to arms." One of the letters on this business from the people of Naples, given in *The Times* and quoted by Signora Mario, is extremely touching: "Every day, every hour, every moment, we bless you, dear Joseph our father; you reign in our hearts. Our children have learned your name and mingle it with their prayers; you are the father of the people. Quite alone, without regarding weariness or difficulties, without thinking of any interest of your own, you have shed for us your generous blood. Our hope in you is eternal, as is our gratitude, and will be handed down from sire to son till the end of time. May the breezes bear to Caprera the echo of our acclamation, 'Viva Garibaldi!'"

And the people of Naples held his heart; for at length he accepted the candidature of the first electoral college of Naples, which on earlier offers he had declined. It is remarkable that on his arrival at Genoa the king sent for him and requested him to abstain from altercations with

Cavour and the Ministry. His reply shows the mettle and the metal of the man : "As a general I am bound to obey your Majesty ; as a representative of the nation, I must consult my conscience only, and fulfil my duties." At the same time writing the Speaker, he called attention to the fact that his "devotion to Victor Emmanuel was proverbial in Italy."

We have no room for any account of the stormy scenes which occupied the Parliament of 1861, a year made memorable in Italy by the death of Cavour, who passed away on June 6th, in his fiftieth year ; nor must we linger over Garibaldi's quiet pursuits at Caprera in the intervals of parliamentary excitement.

The possession of Rome as the capital of united Italy was never absent from Garibaldi's mind, as not simply a beautiful dream, but as an end to be reached. Cavour believed they ought to go to Rome, in concert with France, and in such a way that national occupation would not be regarded "as a signal for the servitude of the Church" ; but not despite the opposition of France. But said the French emperor, "I will not yield Rome" ; his minister declared, "Italy shall never get possession of Rome" ; and Pio Nono proudly announced, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I say that you will never get possession of Rome. *Non possumus.*" Garibaldi, however, had made up his mind to go there. He collected his volunteers, infused into them his own conviction that the overthrow of the Papacy

was a work at least as necessary as the overthrow of the Bourbons. "Rome or Death!" was his motto. Starting from Catania, whither he went to collect his men, he crossed the Straits of Messina, landed at Melito, and took the coast road northwards. Soon he discovered that his foes were to be his own brethren of the Italian army. At Aspromonte his volunteers, wearied and starving and worn out by disastrous marches, were overtaken by the Sardinian army, outnumbered, and beaten. Garibaldi was severely wounded, his thigh being pierced and his ankle broken by bullets. He was refused embarkation on an English vessel and placed on board a frigate and taken to Varignano, being forced to sail the whole length of the Tyrrhene Sea in the greatest torture. At last he was conveyed to Caprera. The wound did not heal for thirteen months. The treatment accorded him was unworthy of the Italian government and its responsible statesmen. Garibaldi believed that they wished to get rid of him, and that they only regretted that his wounds were not mortal. He had tried to force the hand of the king, whose unwritten wish he mistakenly supposed he was fulfilling, and he had his reward. He had been led to expect important help and had been deserted; but he would not expose his recreant friends. "It is a sad and shameful page . . . written in blood," he said. "No; silence is best—at least, till we are free." Great as his physical sufferings were, his anguish of spirit was much greater. "I have in my heart an Italy, the

thought of which rends me, hurts me more than the bullet, than the broken bone—oh, *patria*!" "The feet were crippled," remarks Signora Mario, "but the spirit was not exorcised."

In 1864 he visited England, and had a splendid ovation. The cabin-boy of Nice, the conqueror of Naples, the rebel of Aspromonte, had a reception the like of which was never given in England to foreign potentate. This great-hearted nation, which ever responds to the call of the oppressed, which idolises the unselfish hero who dyes the soil of sorrow and struggle with his own "red blood and pure," took Garibaldi to its warm bosom and blessed him with its most fervent benediction. In London he met with many a leader of a forlorn hope, and with his old good genius Mazzini, to whom he paid a great tribute at a meeting in the house of Herzen, the Russian patriot. "There is a man amongst us who has rendered the greatest service to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth, and had only aspirations towards good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the water spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around him slept; he alone kept and fed the sacred flame; he has ever remained my friend. His love of country, his devotion to the cause of liberty, has ever remained constant, fervent, strong. This man is Joseph Mazzini; he is my friend and teacher."

He was given to understand that his presence

in this country was a source of some embarrassment to the Government, whereupon he cancelled his engagments to visit the great northern towns where the pulse of democracy beats strongly, and without demur or protest left our shores and returned to Caprera. But he was deeply moved by the affection which the British people had so unmistakably manifested towards him.

We cannot follow him during the next few years. Much of military adventure and of political strife marked his career from the Aspromonte campaign until the day when the hills of Mentana were covered with the corpses of the gallant Italian soldiers whose blood "cancelled the impious alliance between Emperors and Popes." For this was the beginning of the end which was reached in 1870 with the fall, at Sedan, of the French Empire, which averted an alliance between Italy and France—an alliance which would have been a terrible catastrophe. The triumph of the Germans raised throughout Italy, from the snowy north to the farthest southern cape, the cry "To Rome! To Rome!"—a cry which the Government did not dare to disregard, and in answer to which Victor Emmanuel, who felt that his crown was in danger if he hesitated, gave orders for the royal army to march on Rome. On October 2nd Rome, by the will of the Italian people, was proclaimed the capital of United Italy. Garibaldi, who, on the fall of the Empire, at once took up arms on behalf of the French Republic in the Franco-Prussian war, must have been as supremely gratified as he was startled

GARIBALDI PASSING THROUGH LONDON.

and surprised at the unexpected course of events in Italy.

So, moved with wrath toward men that ruled and sinned,
And pity toward all tears he saw men weep,
His loving lion heart
Arose to take man's part.

But we must not even glance at his French campaign ; nor must we enter into the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of the course he took. There can be no doubt about his disinterestedness, or his lion-like courage. Alas! much precious Italian blood was shed in vain.

In March, 1872, Mazzini died after a long and torturing illness. When the news reached Caprera, Garibaldi telegraphed to Genoa, " Let the colours of the Thousand float over the bier of the grand Italian."

That he is dead the sons of kings are glad ;
And in their beds the tyrants sounder sleep.
Now he is dead his martyrdom will reap
Late harvest of the palms it should have had
In life. Too late the tardy lands are sad.
His unclaimed crown in secret they will keep
For ages, while in chains they vainly weep,
And vainly grope to find the roads he bade
Them take. O glorious soul! There is no dearth
Of worlds. There must be many better worth
Thy presence and thy leadership than this.
No doubt on some great sun to-day, thy birth
Is, for a race, the dawn of Freedom's bliss,
Which but for thee it might for ages miss.

HELEN JACKSON, *Mazzini.*

Other fateful years passed over Garibaldi, years of conflict and strenuous toil for his country. He was content with poverty, though, for the sake of his children, he often wished money were not so scarce. But he never murmured. Toil and endurance and suffering were old friends, and he did not treat them resentfully. But the end is at hand.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH AND LESSONS OF HIS LIFE.

The Titan thunders oft thy summit rode,
These it withstood.
But ah! thou subtle, sluggish dreamer Time—
Stealthy of hand, mute voiced, unpassioned thou—
* * * *
Didst bend the massive form and hoary brow

ALL day long, lying in sight of the sea, he had watched for the vessel which was to bring his doctor, and now at sunset the great soul departed. Before darkness fell on those eyes of truth they lingered on the ocean which he loved, and on the soft sky which bent over him, and then on the faces of his dear ones. His last utterance, characteristic of his unselfish thought for others, had reference to two little birds which lighted on the window-sill and trilled their sweet lays: "Maybe they are the souls of my little ones come to call me. Feed them when I am gone." So died, full of years and of honour, one of the greatest of heroes; so entered the unbroken rest

That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on . . .
. . . . . .

> Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men,
> As might some prophet of the elder day—
> Brooding above the tempest and the fray
> With deep-eyed thought . . .
> A power was his beyond the touch of art,
> Or armed strength : his pure and mighty heart.

The Italian people from the foot of the snow-clad Alps to the southernmost cape in far Sicily wept for him as for a beloved brother. Well might they weep! "On that heart of gold was written from his youth the name of Italy." His love for her was endless, and the peace and growing greatness of that fair land are largely the fruits of Garibaldi's ceaseless faith in her destinies. Happy it is for Italy that her new history commenced with a hero so pure and upright. The tears which she shed were tears of pride as well as regret, for the soil of that country is ennobled where ashes so precious are laid as those of Garibaldi.

Was he a religious man? He believed in God, in Providence, in prayer; he loved truth and goodness; he was humane, benevolent, and unselfish; the principles for which he gave his life were those that the Lord Jesus Christ came to disseminate by His life and teaching. Grave faults he had, without doubt, but we leave him with his Saviour, whose instrument he was for the overthrow of iniquities which had become enthroned in the hearts of tyrant kings and ambitious priests. And when his errors are forgotten, his simplicity and gentleness, his self-reliance and self-forgetful-

ness, his sublime audacity of attempt and miraculous success of achievement, his cheerfulness in adversity and meekness in prosperity, will be woven into the national songs of Italy, and will be chanted while the world stands.

What are the lessons of his life?

1. This story ought to create in us an ineradicable hatred of tyranny wherever found; whether in the king that rules, or the priest that prays; in the clique that wants to think for the mob, or the mob that passionately swamps the individual voice; in aristocratic capital, or democratic labour. Whatever impinges on personal conscience; whatever attempts to exert force for selfish or foul ends, whether it be the force of wealth, or the force of greater influence, or the force of Church censures and bans; whatever robs man of his sacred rights —rights of free speech, rights of public meeting, rights of self government—is anti-Christian and is doomed to come down. Light is brightening; the owls of oppression and superstition are, we would fain hope, screeching their last screech as the morning dawns. Liberty is spreading her eagle wings and "mewing her mighty youth" to carry home to the people—the rural people as well as the people in the towns—the birthright of which many have been too long deprived; the birthright to think without prejudice and speak without apology, and act without fear, and worship without stigma, and vote without direction; and then, without cringing, to look their fellows in the face with the dignity which belongs to a freeman.

It is matter for gratitude that the spirit of freedom is growing strong, and that men are rising up to hate every form of that tyranny which, like the curse of Cain, has long rested on the heart of humanity.

2. The story of Garibaldi's life teaches us the marvellous power of a dominant purpose and of steadfast fidelity to an ideal. The unity of Italy was the goal of his grand life. The pathos of his country's sad lot pierced his youthful soul with sadness. Tyrants divided this fair land of ancient fame between them for personal gratification. The people, through long oppression, had lost their spirit, had lost their character. He saw, with Mazzini, that the only hope for Italy lay in unity under one free banner. His imagination was fired with this majestic idea—and he followed it through all the changing fortunes of his life. To achieve this the sea was compelled to teach him fortitude and self reliance, and for this he wrung from his South American experiences perfect mastery of men, and boundless faith in his own resources. His star of strength upheld him in the sorrows of his exile, and it never was clouded in the darkest night. For this he sacrificed home, reputation, and the wife he worshipped. For this, he accepted joyfully the spoiling of his goods, poverty, infamy, hardship, and the life of a hunted rebel; and when this was accomplished, he wanted no other good—this was the very summit and crown of his ambition.

Young men, have a purpose, a dominant purpose in life. Renounce aimlessness, and live for

something. This will lift you out of the solemn care that is concerned deeply about the cut of your coat, and the quality of your shoe leather, and the flavour of your cigars! Do not be among those who are perpetually sighing that nobody takes them up to make them somebody. Find out what you are fit for, and go and do it, and do it with the best instruments you can find—don't wait till better come to hand, or you will never do anything. "Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing boats as to astonish Barry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than anyone since. Columbus found a new world in an undecked boat." Garibaldi won a kingdom with a handful of untrained youths. And you, setting your heart on some worthy object, may, with the tools within your grasp, do some good work for God and man which will make your memory fragrant.

Be true to yourselves. Get honest convictions of your duty, and stick to them in spite of opposition. Better have suffering with an honest heart than any amount of happiness with cowardice and insincerity. This is the spirit that lies at the root of all brave and honourable action—this spirit of resolute fidelity to conscience, that goes straight on though the strife be fierce and comrades be few, and darkness and loss confront you; this spirit that gives its heart and its hand, not to numbers with flaunting banners and wealth

and prestige, but that gives its heart and hand to a righteous cause, though it be unpopular and the butt of the jibes and sneers of the craven-souled. Oh! for this spirit among the men of England to-day, that asks not, "Is it prudent," but "Is it right?" Not "Whither will the road lead?" but "Is it God's road?"

This road of duty is the only road that leads sunward. And every man who has had to bear obloquy when he has been set for the defence of the right has realised this. His heart has been full of comfort.

Whatever you feel drawn to, be it honourable position in your profession or trade, be it usefulness, be it, above all, noble character, if you keep it clearly before you and use the appointed means in persevering to achieve it, the probability is that you will be successful. "Cause and effect are the chancellors of God," if you work for your object lawfully and diligently "you will have chained the wheel of fortune and will drag her after you."

3. We have in Garibaldi's life a fine illustration of a guiding and protecting and favouring Providence. Garibaldi seems to have led a charmed life. He galloped about among his troops in the field, when the rain of shot and shell was thickest, with almost as much impunity as if he had been a shadow, and as if the elements of nature and the implements of war had definite instruction not to harm him. He did not exercise even ordinary prudence. During the siege of Rome he habitually exposed himself to view on the terrace of the villa

where he had his headquarters, and which was the focus of a regular hail of winged lead and cannon balls. Yet he escaped unscathed, although on three successive days officers whom he had invited to dine with him were killed where they sat. He relates that during the last awful struggle on the walls of Rome, when it was attacked by the French, he placed himself at the head of two companies with his sword drawn, intoning an Italian hymn. "At that moment," he says, "I confess I had but one desire—to get myself killed. I threw myself with my men upon the French. What happened then? I know nothing about it. For two hours I struck without intermission. When the day dawned I was all covered with blood. I had not a single scratch. It was a miracle." So it was. "God covered him with the shadow of His hand," as he himself acknowledged. I need not argue here for a particular providence over men. But an illustration like this should fill us with the assurance that God will take care of His own special instruments for the regeneration of humanity.

In conclusion, the breath of this man's life has done much to clear the political and social atmosphere of Europe; to make impossible, for any length of time, the repetition of crimes like those which disgraced his native land; to lift up the people and give them faith in themselves, and to hasten the coming of that kingdom in which all men are brothers, and in which righteousness, the foundation of all solid empire, and peace the

result of righteousness, and joy the natural heritage of the free and the loyal and the good, shall intertwine their fragrant blossoms as men kneel to worship Him whose natal hymn was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men."

THE END.

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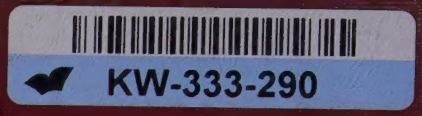
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